

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3052.—VOL. CXI.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1897.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6d.



BICYCLE POLO AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

One is always somehow a little incredulous when we hear our friends, who have distinguished themselves in the world speak of their day of small things. We cannot picture them suffering from the absence of the luxuries, far less the necessities, of life; we have seen them cold, but they have always placed themselves, at the club (rather to the general inconvenience), in front of the smoking-room fire, and been thawed at once; we have seen them hungry, but that has been only when they have been a few minutes late for lunch. They talk of having subsisted on thirty shillings a week, and we say "Really!" but we don't think they really did it. Where did they get their cigars from? How could they even pay their cabs? It was, of course, immensely to their credit that they began from such small beginnings; that from "the simple village green" (a modest synonym, probably, for the lawn of a villa residence or the croquet ground of a small rectory) they rose to their present residences in Mayfair; that they "broke their birth's invidious bar, and grasped the skirts of happy Chance," and so on; but we take it all with some grains of salt. They may have been as they have represented, but they might as well have exhibited a photograph of themselves at six months old, and asked us to recognise the likeness, of which (except the baldness) there is none. We are apt to minimise the hardships which these excellent persons protest they experienced in their youth. But when an Archbishop of Canterbury quotes from his autobiography, we are bound to believe him. In the Church Congress the other day, his Grace informed us that he had to make his living since he was seventeen. "He had known what it was to do without a fire because he could not afford it, and to wear patched clothes and boots." These are details it is impossible to ignore. One cannot help congratulating the man who has raised himself from so low an estate, if not "to clutch the golden keys and shape the whisper of the throne," to as high an office. We also feel pride in the country where such elevations from the lowest to the highest are possible.

It is a pity that the upper classes, with a few exceptions, chiefly soldiers and explorers, are so absolutely ignorant of what it is ever to have to go without necessities, such as fire or food; for unless we have some experience of their suffering we cannot sympathise with those who do suffer. The conditions of civilisation are such—things are made so easy for those who have the most moderate means—that privation of any kind is unknown to us. Of course, one can fast if one chooses, but that is a very different thing from having to fast when one does not choose. It is said that genteel poverty is the worst poverty of all; but that is one of the many assertions which commonplace people find a relish in repeating, as though it somehow redressed the balance as regards rich and poor, and explained the riddle of the painful earth. Genteel poverty is no doubt bad enough, but not to be compared with the fireless room and the empty cupboard. One great advantage in civilised life is that no one need die of thirst; the economists add "nor yet of hunger," and point to the workhouse; but there they are in error; and even without dying of hunger, who that has suffered from it, and, what is worse, seen their children suffer, can ever forget its pangs! With our friends and acquaintances hunger is only known in the form of appetite, a skeleton at the feast that is always welcome. Logically, it may appear worse than poverty to owe more than we can pay, not only to possess nothing, but to be on the debtor side of the account; but no one among "the classes" suffers actual want in consequence of this deficit. Somehow or other he "gets his meals regular," and even something on the mantelpiece, or elsewhere, "to take when he is so disposed." If he owes a great deal he lives, in proportion, more splendidly. It is the ignorance of the higher half of the world as to the mode of life of the lower that makes them seem indifferent or even cruel to them. The various institutions from the Universities and elsewhere that have been established in London have done much to introduce these two halves to one another; novels are bringing home to the rich a knowledge of how the poor live; we are gradually beginning to recognise that the natives of Whitechapel are quite as interesting as those of Tongataboo, and we have an Archbishop who has known what it is to wear patched garments. He should not have said, "I can thresh as well as any man," because that reminds one he was a schoolmaster; but the clothes should be exhibited at Lambeth. How his Grace would electrify a philanthropic meeting by suddenly removing his apron and displaying them!

A good book has recently been published concerning "Epitaphs and Epigrams." Though generally found together, they are very different matters. Some lines which will probably not be in the book run in my memory, but from what source I have no idea—

Of all my mother's children
I love myself the best,
As long as I'm provided for,
The devil take—the rest!

That can never have been put over a grave, at all events by the occupier. It is too frank and, it must be confessed, ungenial. Can anyone give them a local habitation? The

best epigram, by-the-bye—or rather, the best application of a quotation—in our time was made on Professor Airey, who was made Plumian Professor at Cambridge, and given the Observatory to live in by the University, but without income. "They gave to Airey nothing, a local habitation and a name."

A collocation of words quite good enough to be called an epigram appeared some years ago, anonymously, in a daily London newspaper—

I saw Esau kissing Kate,
And the fact is we all three saw,
For I saw Esau, he saw me,
And she saw I saw Esau.

Notwithstanding the place of publication, one suspects this of having an American origin from the familiar use of Esau, a name almost unknown in England. It is quite remarkable how many good things Cousin Jonathan, in his love of fun, has preserved for us; but for an American editor, Horace Mayhew's lines upon the letter H would, so far as I know, have escaped English eyes. It is stated they were published in 1850, but where? Surely not in *Punch*, or they would be better known. They are a parody, of course, upon Miss Catherine Fanshew's beautiful lines, much too good to have served the purpose of a riddle—

I dwell in the Hearth, and I breathe in the Hair;
If you search for the Hecan you'll find that I'm there.
The first of all Hangers in Olympus am I,
Yet I'm banished from 'Eaver, expelled from 'Igh.
But though on this Horb I'm destined to grovel,
I'm ne'er seen in an 'Ouse, in an 'Ut, nor an 'Ovel.
Not an 'Ose nor an 'Unter e'er bears me, alas!
But often I'm found on the top of a Hass.
I reside in a Hattie, and loves not to roam,
And yet I'm invariably absent from 'Ome.
Though 'Ushed in the 'Urriance, of the Hatmosphere part,
I enters no 'Ed, I creeps into no 'Art.
Only look, and you'll see in the Heye Hl appear;
Only 'Ark, and you'll 'Ear me just brattle in the Hear.
Though in sex not an 'E, I am (strange paradox)
Not a bit of an 'Effer, but partly a Hox.
Of Heterity I'm the beginning! and, mark,
Though I goes not with Noah, I'm first in the Hark.
I'm never in 'Ealth, have with Fysic no power,
I dies in a Month, but comes back in a Hour.

The complaint of the Rejected Contributor is always with us; and that is probably why it is listened to so seldom. He cries "Wolf! Wolf!" so often that when the animal is really at his door, little heed is paid to him. He has lifted up his voice this month in the *Author*—a journal which bears with him with admirable patience—upon the difficulty he finds, not in getting his manuscript published (*that*, of course, he finds, but has dropped it for a moment), but in getting it returned to him after rejection. It is really a very reasonable grievance; for what can an editor gain by retaining it? He does not want it himself, and who but a dog-in-the-manger would, under those circumstances, prevent its being used elsewhere? A bad contribution does not get better for keeping, any more than bad wine. This Rejected Contributor complains that editors keep his articles for many months, after which period they are returned as "not available," which, if they have any reference to passing events, destroys their value. It is in any case very bad manners, and, in my humble opinion, reflects little credit upon the editor in his professional capacity. It probably arises from constitutional indolence. His motto is, like that of the children in "Liliput Levee," "Never to do-to-day what can be put off till to-morrow." And when this class of person begins to postpone, he does so indefinitely. There may be an excuse for retaining a manuscript about whose rejection or acceptance there may be a doubt, but concerning the vast mass of contributions (nineteenths of which are absolutely useless) there need be no hesitation. Little more than a glance at many of them suffices, and to keep a poor devil upon the tenterhooks of expectation "for many months," and reserve a disappointment for him at last, is a cruel and selfish thing to do.

The common excuse for this, and most other neglects of duty, is that the offender "has no time." The great Serpent, the father of lies, is always suggesting this defence to his friends. "Say you had not a moment to spare," he flickers with his double tongue; "Say you have really been so driven." The probability is that the wretch has been doing nothing but lounge and loiter through his work all his life. He is as slow-moving as an elephant, without his sagacity, and ought to be attended by a mahout with a bradawl. How well one knows the guest in the country-house who roves from room to room on a wet day, interfering with everybody, yet unable to apply himself to anything! He will pick up a hundred books and read three lines in each; stand at the window tapping the pane like a demented woodpecker; or sit down at somebody else's desk and nibble his pens. That is the Editor who is so pressed for time that he can never answer a letter, nor even return a communication which he has long ago decided to reject.

No sensible person can be in favour of "Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay," but I do think that the sooner things are done that ought to be done, the better. This is undoubtedly the case in literature; the more an author thinks about his work beforehand the more likely he is to make a good job of it, but having once begun with it he should keep up a high level of speed, and encourage "the first sprightly runnings." Many minds have many ways, but, generally speaking, more has been lost than gained by polish and

pruning. I have known authors boast of writing books three times over which have not been read even once. As to disagreeable affairs such as demand settlement or reply, we should by all means hasten to wash our hands of them. When we have agreed or replied they at once lose half their power of annoyance. "For my part," says an excellent friend of mine, who is not, however, a philosopher, "when irritated by the letter of some worthless scoundrel (as for the time he always seems to be), it immensely relieves my mind to write him what I think of him. Having called him every injurious name that he has earned, and more, I do not let the sun go down upon my wrath, but sleep the sleep of the just. I give the letter to my wife to post, but she does not do it; she gives it me back in the morning, and asks whether I wish it posted *now*. I have got a score of these 'dead leaves that keep their green,' and most interesting epistles they are—worth about £300 apiece in a libel suit. How I found the fuel for their composition now seems inexplicable to me, but the writing of them acted like a charm."

Before these words were read I had hoped that the King of Benin would have met with his deserts, though, in truth, hanging was much too good for him. But unfortunately the temptation of making him a member of the Church of England has proved too great. It was so in the case of his worthy brother, King Prempeh. One of that monarch's amusements "of an afternoon" was to have a female slave brought before him and his wives and put to death, after which he refreshed himself by washing his feet in her blood. This is a curious repetition of the custom history attributes to the French seigneurs of old, who were forbidden by express statute to use "more than two" of their serfs in this way on their return from hunting; but it is pretty certain Prempeh never heard of this. It was an original idea so far as he was concerned. The latest news of him is that he is a regular attendant at the Sunday services, and in course of time may come to be churchwarden. With every respect for missionary enterprise, I am sincerely grieved the opportunity has been afforded for the conversion of the King of Benin.

It is, perhaps, as a protest against the long-established belief that humour is not to be found among the female sex that so many books of a humorous type are now written by ladies. If they are not all successful in quashing the indictment in question, some of them are so, especially in short "swallow flights" of fun. One can hardly fancy a woman sitting down to write a prolonged work, such as "Tom Jones," from a humorous point of view; but she is quite capable of putting her readers into little fits of laughter for an hour or so by perfectly legitimate means. "The Typewriter Girl" is an example of this. The book is as slight as a book can be, but it deals with a class of person who has not yet been described in fiction, and in very lively manner. The heroine is a little complex: a combination of Girton girl and comic actress that (unhappily) does not often come one's way in real life, who goes through the world unharmed, like Una with her lioness, only instead of the king of beasts she has a bull-terrier to protect her. There is a general idea that the typewriter—i.e., the machine itself—is also a guardian of innocence: those who are engaged with it, and also their employers, find it so enthralling that they never experience the softer emotions. Painters assert the same of their models, whom they only regard as embodiments of art; but there are occasional exceptions, even in their case. Miss Juliet Appleton found one in the head of the firm of solicitors in Southampton Row with whom she used to sit typing law documents. Their literary style amazed her ("the principal verb adroitly concealed itself; the principal adjective was usually 'aforesaid'"), but the solicitor and his attentions annoyed her still more. So she wrote out her resignation to the office as follows—

Gentlemen,

WHEREAS I, the undersigned, have worked for three days and upwards, be the same more or less, to my great discomfort, in your dingy, musty, and fusty office; and WHEREAS I am now desirous of seeking other and more congenial employment elsewhere than in the aforesaid dinginess, stinkiness, mustiness, and fustiness, as herein designated, NOW THEREFORE this Indenture witnesseth and know all men by these presents, that I have made up my mind not to return to your message or tenement.

For a time she gives up the typewriting business (or, rather, it gives her up, for she had to pawn the machine), and joins a colony of Anarchists in Surrey. She is as ready to sympathise with their creed as was Theodore Hook to sign the Thirty-nine Articles. "Let me join your band, and I promise disobedience," she says to its chief: "you will find me sound; I am an Anarchist by nature." Her experience among these people is very droll. Unfortunately, when she takes to typewriting again she gives us no more fun. It is an exemplification of what has been already hinted that in humour women have no staying powers. Our authoress thinks that it is high time for the love interest to begin. Her typewriter enters the office of an impressionable publisher, and wins his heart away from the lady to whom he is engaged. They find themselves in the same boat—a gondola, of course—in Venice, and the subsequent progress of events may be more or less predicted. But while Miss Juliet remains a typewriting girl, and doesn't go in for romantic self-sacrifice, she is very pleasant.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

BICYCLE POLO.

Bicycle polo is to be one of the games of the coming season, and the providers of amusement at the Crystal Palace have made arrangements by which the jaded eye of the Londoner shall rest on the newest fashion in outdoor exercise. At the Sheen House Bicycle Club, too, on Saturday, amateur cyclists, men and women, engaged in a game of polo. The game was played on ground a hundred yards long and seventy yards broad. The ordinary lawn-tennis ball was used, while the favourite form of stick was a golf "putter," which onlookers considered to be vastly superior for the purpose to the light croquet-mallet affected by several of the players. There were a good many collisions among the "iron horses," but none of them of any seriousness, and the "riders of ironmongery," to use the scornful phrase of Mr. Thomas Bowles, M.P., showed a thorough mastery of their machines, and a perfect ease in alighting. The dangers of the real game were not, however, decreased by the new style of mounts, and the rules of regular polo will have to undergo modifications to meet the wholly new conditions.

THE ADVANCE IN THE SOUDAN.

The Khedive of Egypt is now served, thanks to British counsel and help, by a very efficient, though not too large, native army of Fellahs or Egyptian peasants and of "black" or dusky Soudanese, well drilled and trained, partly under the command of English officers, thoroughly disciplined and obedient, and perhaps not less courageous than the soldiery of most European States. With the aid of a small contingent of troops of our own Army, the force which General Sir Herbert Kitchener the Sirdar, has led into the Soudan, and with which the reconquest of Nubia and of the Nile from Wady Halfa to Berber has been gradually but surely effected, seems to be as efficient and as completely equipped as any similarly mixed force employed in the British Indian dominions. The actual fighting in the present Nile campaign has not been such as to attract British public attention in a high degree; for the enemy's utter deficiency of tactics, and the inferior quality of his forces, a mere rabble of wild Desert tribesmen rushing to combat in the frenzy of Arab warfare, has allowed each engagement to be decided chiefly by the steady valour of the Soudanese regiments. The hardy and robust Nubian race produces very good soldiers, and now that some of our own countrymen are fighting by their side, we feel the more interest in presenting our Special Artist's sketch of a pathetic scene at Wady Halfa, that of women in the market-place, outside the town walls, mourning for those of their men—husbands, brothers, and sons—who had belonged to the famous 10th Battalion, and had been killed in the fight at Abu Hamed. These bereaved wives, accompanied by an orchestra of professional female performers of funeral music and dancing, to the monotonous sound of the beaten tom-tom, gave vent to their passionate grief in shrill cries of heartrending despair. In contrast with this scene of lamentation, we present that of the Sirdar's reception on his arrival at Berber with general acclamations in the Anglo-Egyptian camp.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER WAR.

General Sir William Lockhart, the Commander-in-Chief on the North-West Frontier of India, with an army of thirty thousand men assembled around Kohat, this week began his advance, by the Shinwari, Kai, and Hangu route, against the Afridis and Orakzais in Tirah.

It may be recollected that the most recent action of the force commanded by General Sir Bindon Blood in chastising the Mamunds or Mohmands of Bajaur and driving out Hadda Mullah, the fanatical preacher of a reckless insurrection of the Mohammedan tribes against the agents of the British Indian Empire, was a direct consequence of previous events in the Swat Valley, along the road to Chitral. It was caused by the treacherous attack on the camp at Malakand by the Swatis and Bonars, to punish whom Sir Bindon Blood was sent in that direction. At Thana,

where the 1st Brigade of his force, under Brigadier-General Meiklejohn, came into actual conflict with these foes, the neighbouring heights were found to be thronged by large numbers of the enemy, who had constructed "sangars" or ramparts of loose stones to aid in the defence of their position, and who bore standards indicating their battle array. Our illustration of this engagement is from a sketch furnished by one of the officers who took part in it, and shows the ground occupied by the troops as well as the scenery around. The battery of Field Artillery shelled the enemy from below, at range of between 1400 yards and 1600 yards; while the infantry were led round the position of the enemy's left wing, and when they ascended to make an attack upon it, the Swatis, much demoralised by the fire of the field-guns, immediately fled. This engagement was thus a speedy and complete success.

THE WAKEFIELD GOLF CLUB.

A convenient building for the accommodation of this successful club, which was established in 1891, owing its foundation and prosperity to several gentlemen, Mr. A. J. C. Stanfield, Dr. J. Murray, Mr. R. Rowand, and Mr. C. W. L. Fernandes especially, at the links near Agbrigg Locks, on Heath Common, Wakefield, was opened last Saturday. It has been erected at a cost of £700 or £800 from plans furnished by Mr. A. H. Newbald, architect, a member of the club, on a site belonging to Mrs. Meynell Ingram, the lady of the manor, obtained on easy terms by Mr. W. Hurst, of Crofton Hall, the president, with the aid



WAKEFIELD GOLF CLUB: NEW HOUSE AT HEATH LINKS.

Photo Hall, Wakefield.

of Mr. W. H. Stewart, who took a leading part in the meeting, followed by a series of daily golf-matches played until Wednesday. The club-house has an agreeable aspect, with a verandah or balcony overlooking the links, and rooms for ladies and gentlemen, besides a large hall.

THE MAIDSTONE VISITATION.

Typhoid still rages at Maidstone, and the charity of Londoners is bespoken for the relief committee. All the elementary schools are closed; and in some houses, where different tenements are let out to artisans, the whole of the breadwinners are stricken down with the fever. Over sixteen hundred men, women, and children are among the sufferers from the disease, and the deaths number more than eighty. The sum of £2000 has already been received by the Mayor of Maidstone, and the Queen's message of sympathy will no doubt quicken the generosity of many givers. Princess Christian has sent three of the trained nurses of her Institute, with a sympathising message. Further hospital accommodation is to be provided; while the Farleigh water supply, the suspected source of the disease, has been cut off from the unhappy town.

"IN THE DAYS OF THE DUKE."

"Secret Service," followed by "In the Days of the Duke," indicates that melodrama at the Adelphi has taken a welcome departure from the routine of virtue versus villainy. The play revolves round an incident that took place in an Indian fort in the year 1800, when Mrs. Aylmer (played as only the inimitable Marion Terry could play it, with delicacy and distinction) takes a false step. Mr. Terriss, as her husband in the prologue and her son afterwards, is excellent. Produced on Sept. 9, 1897, the new piece seems likely to last till Sept. 9, 1898.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE LIARS," AT THE CRITERION.

On a certain occasion a caustic critic, in recording the production of a new play at the Criterion, declared that Mr. Wyndham had "renewed his exhibitions of acting," without entering into details of the play. The Criterion audience does not depend very largely on a particular play. It mainly wants to see Mr. Wyndham; even when he goes on playing precisely the same sort of character—that of the good, meddlesome fairy—under different titles. On the present occasion he is labelled Colonel Sir Christopher Deering, and he is distinguishable from Sir Richard Kato and Sir Jasper Thorndyke chiefly by the employment of a moustache, which disfigures him. Mr. Jones's comedy "The Liars" is a conventional study of the drawing-room, to this effect: Lady Jessica Nepean (Miss Mary Moore) was a silly, heartless little woman who balanced her boorish husband's neglect by flirting outrageously with a lionised slave-raider, Edward Falkner (Mr. Thalberg). She added piquancy to her pursuit by meeting him at the Star and Garter, Shepperton; but was caught in the act by her brother-in-law, George Nepean (Mr. Leslie Kenyon), who was keeping his brother posted up in her movements in a way that removes the piece from the category of decent society altogether. To get out of the scrape, Lady Jessica had to fib, and in this game of prevarication she involved her sister, Lady Rosamund Tatton (Miss Irene Vanbrugh), her brother-in-law (Mr. Vane-Tempest), her friends the Cokes (Mr. Bishop and Miss Sarah Brooke), and last of all that squire of dames, Sir Christopher Deering (Mr. Wyndham), who never owed a woman "a sigh nor a sixpence." We all love Kit, who advises everybody: lectures her ladyship, "rubs it into" the fiery slave-hunter, and calms down the wrathful Nepeans; but in everyday life Kit would assuredly be spelled Kicked. In the end, these strange folk agree with Sir Henry Sidney, whose phrase prefaces the play, that the "custom" of lying is "naughty." When the Nepeans, husband and brother, arrive on the scene, like detectives from a private agency, to get the facts, the Quixotic Falkner blunts out the truth and departs (in the last act), weeping, to renew his slave-hunt, while the jaunty Jessica trips off for supper at the Savoy with her husband—on the advice of the inevitable Kit, who rounds off the play by proposing to the widow of an old friend, and taking her off to Africa, that home of risky romance which has recently given us "The Philanderers" and "The Folly of Pen Harrington." Mr. Jones can do much better than this. There are bright patches in the play, a smart phrase here and there; but it is all very artificial and inadequate. Nor is the acting on the high level we expect at the Criterion. Mr. Wyndham is only repeating himself, and what was felt with regard to his appearance in "Rebellious Susan" will be felt here. The two cleverest bits of acting were Miss Irene Vanbrugh's frank appeal to Lady Jessica to run straight and Miss Sarah Brooke's attempt to tell a story.

"NEVER AGAIN," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

The obvious thing to say about "Never Again," which was produced at the Vaudeville on Oct. 11, is that it will be seen often again. It has come, like "A Night Out," from France via America, and is precisely of the same type as that piece, which ran continuously from April 1896 until the other day. "Never Again" is simply a rollicking, knockabout farce of an old-fashioned type, devoid of literary charm or even keen wit; rather coarse in the grain, and yet so perpetually bustling that you never get time to think how very thin it all is. To set down the plot or plots would make exceedingly dull reading, even if it could possibly be made clear; which is doubtful. Suffice to say that three husbands and their wives are involved, and that every room is supplied with a host of doors, and that it is all inconceivable. It introduces us, however, to two comedians of rare humour—namely, Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk (who imitates a German violoncellist familiar to all of us) and Miss Agnes Miller, both of whom were in the American cast. They bubble over with good humour and the real spirit of mellow comedy. Mr. George Giddens, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, Mr. Harwood, and Miss Mary Clayton figure in the bill to some purpose.

ENGINEERING
DISPUTE.

After fourteen weeks' contest between the employers and the workmen in the engineering trades, all proposals of mediation or arbitration being rejected, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers and the Employers' Federation seem determined to continue their struggle with the enforced idleness of seventy thousand skilful hands. The employers, numbering in all more than five hundred companies and firms, protest against being required, as they say, to pay the wages of a week's work of fifty-four hours for a week of forty-eight hours, and refuse to admit of any interference with the internal management of their factories. The Amalgamated Society has now issued an appeal to all Trade Unions, asking for money to carry on the fight, at a cost of £10,000 a week; they also call upon the men in the shipbuilding yards, and the engineers on board of steam-vessels, to join in the strike, by which other trades would be stopped, increasing the total whose employment would then be interrupted to nearly 200,000, while more directly affecting London and other commercial ports. A probable consequence might be the sending of British orders for engine-making and shipbuilding to Germany, Belgium, and other foreign countries, as trade cannot be forced to wait the settlement of this dispute.

The Executive Council of the Engineering and Shipbuilding Trades Federation has appointed a deputation to the President of the Board of Trade to discuss the situation of affairs. Open-air meetings in favour of the engineers on strike were held in different London suburbs on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday; the scene at Eelbrook Common, Fulham, being represented in the Illustration on this page. A similar assemblage took place in Finsbury Park.

Wales during this short period, and there are many schools in which boys and girls are taught together. The opening ceremony was performed by Miss Helen Gladstone the more appropriately from the near neighbourhood of her illustrious father's residence to the district which is chiefly to be benefited by the erection of this University Hall, and from her own experience as the head of a similar institution at Cambridge.

BANGOR
UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE.

A Hall of Residence for Women students, at the Bangor College of the University of North Wales, was opened by Miss Helen Gladstone on Saturday in the presence of many persons of local influence, and with every prospect of future usefulness. The principal speaker was the Right Hon. A. Acland, M.P., who dwelt upon the progress of educational institutions in Wales during the past eight years, the advantage of having a Central Board for the direction of intermediate or secondary schools and colleges, which he hoped to see established also in England, and the principle, which had been generally accepted in Wales, of making the best system of instruction equally available for both sexes. It appears from official statistics that eighty-seven new schools of the class referred to, with seven thousand pupils, have been established in

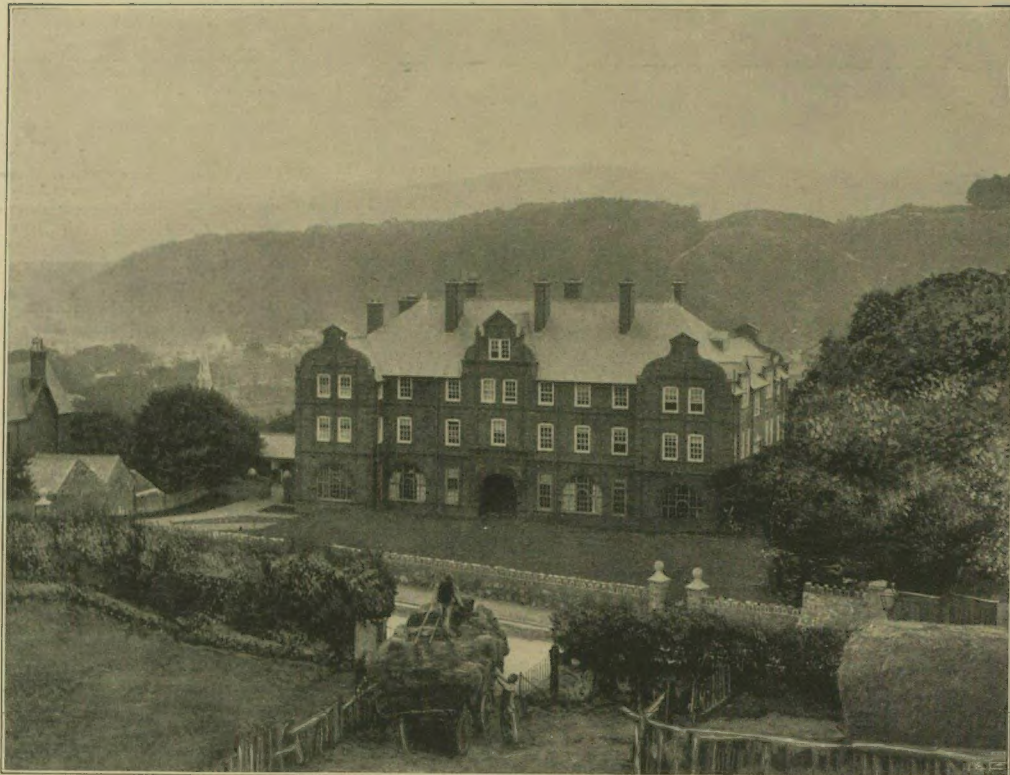
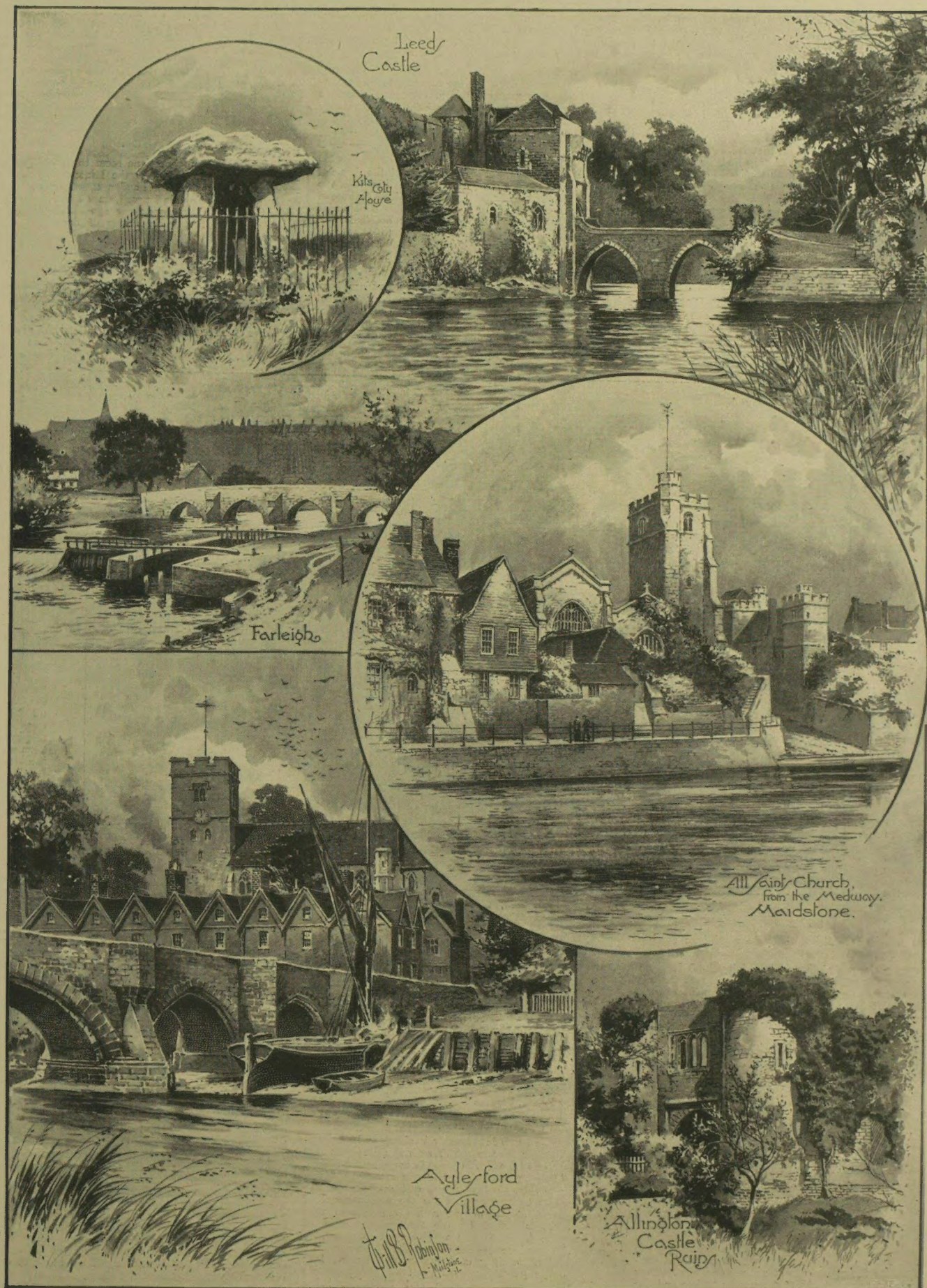


Photo J. Wickens, Bangor.

NEW HALL OF RESIDENCE AT BANGOR FOR WOMEN STUDENTS ATTENDING THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF NORTH WALES.



THE ENGINEERING DISPUTE: DEMONSTRATION ON EELBROOK COMMON, FULHAM.



HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Balmoral on Oct. 7, received deputations with addresses of congratulation upon the sixtieth year of her reign from the Established Church of Scotland, the Corporation of Edinburgh, and the University of Edinburgh. The Queen was accompanied by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Lady Lytton, and was attended by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Secretary of State for Scotland, and two gentlemen of her household. The deputation from the Church of Scotland consisted of the Rev. Dr. Mair, Moderator of the General Assembly, the Rev. Dr. Story, the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, the Rev. John Scott, and Sir John Cheyne, Q.C., Procurator. The City of Edinburgh was represented by Lord Provost McDonald, Bailie Sloane and Bailie Pollard, and Mr. T. Hunter, Town Clerk. In the absence of Sir William Muir, Principal of Edinburgh University, that learned body was represented by Lord Stormonth Darling and Sir William Turner. The Queen made gracious replies to each of the three addresses. She conferred on the Lord Provost and Mr. Cheyne the honour of knighthood. The collection of gifts and decorated addresses which have been presented to her Majesty this year was exhibited to public view at the Imperial Institute on Monday and following days this week.

The Prince of Wales was at Kempton Races on Saturday, and on Monday went to shoot with the Duke of Cambridge at Six Mile Bottom, near Newmarket.

An official return of local taxation in England and Wales shows that the total amount levied in the way of poor-rates (but less than half of it for the relief of the poor) during the past year, and expended by local authorities, was £23,800,000, including £8,571,000 for county, borough, and police rates, £1,433,000 paid to Rural District Councils for sanitary and highway purposes, £1,308,000 for School Boards (not including London), and £224,000 for the equalisation of certain rates in London. The net expenditure for poor relief in London was £2,337,000, or nearly 10s. 8d. a head on all the London population; in all the rest of the country it was £5,299,000, being a larger average than for twenty-three years past. The aggregate outstanding debt of local authorities amounts to £235,335,000, with a yearly revenue of sixty millions, thirty-four millions coming from the rates.

It appears from a statement issued by the Education Department that in the "Voluntary" Elementary Schools the State now contributes from £1 14s. 9d. to £1 16s. 3d. for every child in average attendance, the cost of maintenance being £1 19s. 6d. in these schools, but in the Board Schools it is £2 12s. The consequence is that the managers of Voluntary Schools are now able to compete with the Board Schools, and only fourteen new School Boards in small places have been established in the past six months.

Lord Rosbery was presented on Saturday with the freedom of the City of Stirling, and made a speech full of amusing pleasantry, with allusions to local Scottish family history, or anecdotes of past generations.

The Duke of Devonshire, on Friday, opened a new Technical College at Darlington, dwelling in his speech upon the usefulness of scientific and artistic instruction for maintaining the prosperity of British manufactures.

The Lord Mayor of London, Sir George Fandel-Phillips, has been elected President of the Royal Brideswell and Bethlehem Hospitals.

At the Congress of Railway Servants, held at Plymouth, mentioned last week, a resolution was passed asking the Board of Trade to appoint more numerous official sub-inspectors for the prevention of railway accidents. They also recorded approval of the continuous brakes and the absolute block and interlocking system of trains, now adopted by nearly all railways. Another conference of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, at Birmingham, on Tuesday, resolved to demand an eight-hours day for certain classes, payment for overtime, and the maximum of wages.

The Eloho Challenge Trophy Shield, yearly contested at the Bisley Rifle Meeting by select teams respectively of English, Scottish, and Irish marksmen, having been won

for the third year by England, was delivered to the Lord Mayor of London on Saturday at Guildhall by the Earl of Waldegrave, captain of the team; after which, some officers of the National Rifle Association were entertained at a Mansion House dinner.

The cotton-spinning manufacturers of the Manchester, Cheshire, Yorkshire, and Derbyshire districts are conferring upon the necessity of reducing wages 5 per cent., on account of the stagnation of their trade.

The new building in Tavistock Place, St. Pancras, erected at the cost of Mr. Passmore Edwards for the settlement or institute founded by Mrs. Humphry Ward to promote free religious studies and efforts of benevolence or social reform, was opened on Saturday with a lecture by that lady on "Social Ideals." Mr. Passmore Edwards, Mr. R. G. Tatton, the Warden, and several of the managing committee were present.

At Dublin, on Sunday, the anniversary of the death of Mr. Parnell was commemorated by a procession, with the Lord Mayor and some of the Corporation; likewise those of Cork and Limerick, many of the Irish Home members of Parliament, and others, with banners, cars, emblems, and music, going from St. Stephen's Green to Glasnevin Cemetery to visit his tomb. Mr. John Redmond, M.P., opened a Parnellite Convention next day to revive the action of that party.

Two vacant seats at the London School Board have been filled by the election of Mr. D. H. Kyd, a barrister, and Mr. Francis Howse, a solicitor, without any contest. The triennial election of the whole Board is appointed for Nov. 25, when fifty-five members are to be returned by the

and towns occupied by small guards of Marines and sailors.

The Spanish Governor and Captain-General in Cuba, General Weyler, has been removed from his office and command, to be superseded by Marshal Blanco, who governed the island in 1879. It is said that General Weyler has, at parting, signed a general amnesty to the rebels. One of the latest incidents has been the escape from prison of a Cuban young lady, Evangelina Cisneros, who was charged with conspiracy at Pinar del Rio, but who tells a very different tale, extremely disgraceful to a Spanish official personage of high rank, concerning the real motive of her arrest, denying the accusation brought against her. The means by which she has got free and has been conveyed to the United States were furnished by the agency of an American newspaper, the *New York Journal*, through its special correspondent in Cuba.

In West Africa preparations seem to be making for a British military expedition to the Hinterland or interior region above Lagos, to Nikki and a country named Borgu or Boussa, where Captain Lugard, an officer of the Royal Niger Company, about three years ago obtained from the native King a favourable treaty of commerce. Some French official agents of the Upper Niger administration, descending from Porto Novo, have recently been travelling in Boussa, and French troops have been sent to their support. The limit of the British Hinterland territory belonging to Lagos, on the right bank of the Niger, is the ninth degree of latitude. It is to be hoped that the proposed conference at Paris between the Governments of France and Great Britain, for the settlement of their respective "spheres of influence" on the Niger, will not be prevented from effecting a satisfactory result.

The Egyptian Government has decided on the extension of the Nubian Desert Railway beyond Abu Hamed to Berber, which will cost £200,000 additional, but will enable traffic with the Sudan to avoid all the cataracts of the Nile.

Serious riots took place in the city of Rome on Monday, provoked by the increase of taxes, especially the augmentation of the income-tax; but an association called the Roman Socialist Union is said to have used this grievance for the purpose of seditious agitation. There was a tumultuous assem-

bly in the Piazza Navona, in front of the offices of the Ministry of the Interior. After threatening language, stones were thrown, windows broken, and the Carabinieri, or gendarmes, several of whom were hurt, finally charged the mob, also firing a volley in the air. One man was killed by an accidental shot.

The Peninsular and Oriental Steam-ship Company has announced that, from the first day of next year, the Indian mail will be accelerated by putting two specially powerful steamers to run between Port Said and Brindisi in forty-eight hours. From Port Said to London, by this route, will be done in four days, which will be thirty-six hours less than by the Marseilles route.

THE JACK INN, BROCKLEY.

The vandal is generally more inclined to spare a public-house than he is to spare a church; but it is the old Jack Inn at Brockley, in Kent, that is now marked down for demolition. Many a cyclist following the course of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway from London Bridge will miss the welcome which the inn continued to give from the old world; but the growth of suburban London is imperious in its demands. Brockley is within the Parliamentary borough of Deptford; but the little boundaries and isolations of London are rapidly disappearing in that direction, and much beside the Jack Inn will disappear ere long in front of London's immense army of occupation.

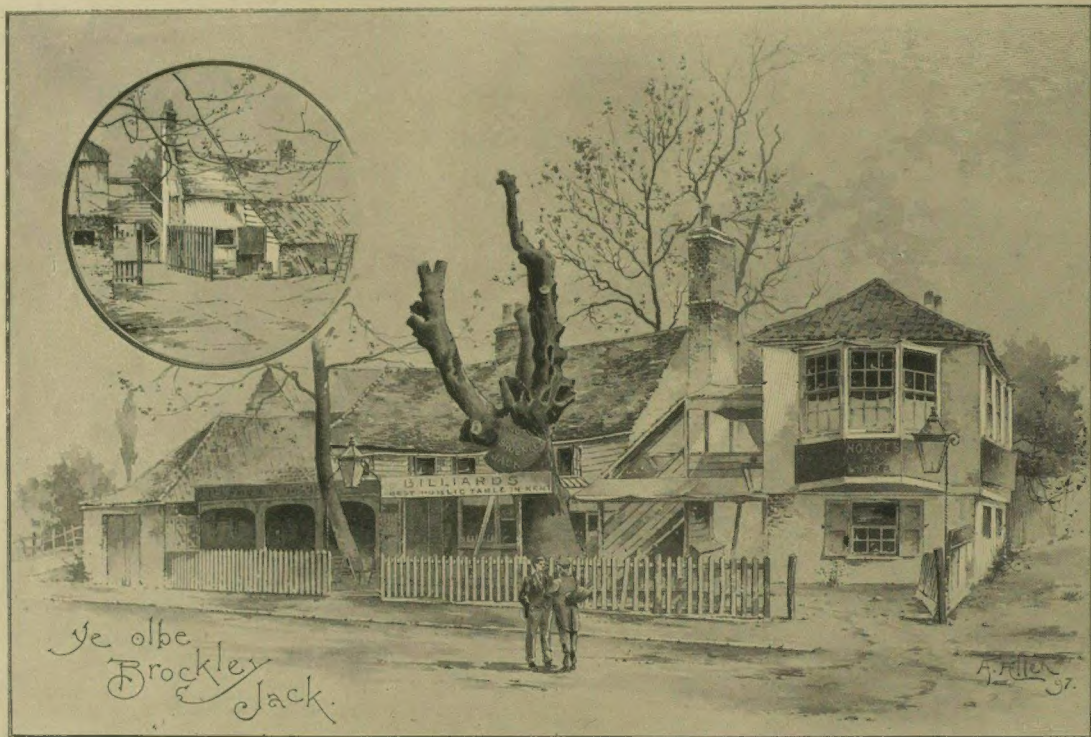
Now Ready.

VOL. 17

ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Elegantly Bound, Cloth Gilt 6s.
Cases for Binding above 1s.

Can be obtained of INGRAM BROTHERS, at the Office, 193, Strand; and of Booksellers or Newsagents.



THE "BROCKLEY JACK" INN. ABOUT TO BE PULLED DOWN.

Metropolitan districts as follows: Chelsea, five; the City, four; Finsbury, six; Greenwich, four; Hackney, five; East Lambeth, four; West Lambeth, six; Marylebone, seven; Southwark, four; Tower Hamlets, five; Westminster, five. The Town Clerk of the City of London to act, with his deputies, as returning officer.

A party of gentlemen, including the Duke of Roxburghe, five members of Parliament, and Mr. H. M. Stanley, invited by the Bechuanaland Railway Company to attend the opening of the line from Mafeking to Bulawayo in Matabelland, sailed by the steam-ship *Norman* for South Africa on Saturday last.

A balloon voyage to France was successfully performed on Tuesday by Mr. Charles Pollock, ascending from Eastbourne and descending at Domart, twelve miles south of Abbeville, in six or seven hours.

The Turkish Army in Thessaly is about to be concentrated at Volo for the purpose of embarking to quit that country by way of the sea. Greece is awaiting the arrival of all the International Commissioners at Athens, before proceeding to raise the loan required for payment of the war indemnity to Turkey, and for the readjustment of Greek finances and security for the creditors of that kingdom. It is hoped by the Greeks that some of the European Great Powers will consent to guarantee this loan. Crete is meanwhile disturbed and distressed by the apparent uncertainty of her fate, and by the lack of any regular governing authority: all the peaceable inhabitants, both Mohammedan and Christian, being exposed to continual ravages and acts of violence. No steps have yet been taken either for the withdrawal of the Turkish troops or for providing a sufficient European military force to disperse the insurgents and to maintain tranquillity, or for the appointment of a ruler to act independently of the Sultan. The Admirals of the foreign naval squadrons are manifestly unable to check the mutual outrages and the frequent conflicts of opposing parties or races in many districts beyond reach from the seaports

PERSONAL.

The Prince of Wales has only to go next door, as it were, in order to be present to-day at the baptism of the infant son of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. There is something especially appropriate in the choice of that place, because the little baby's ancestors, from the days of the great Duke almost down to our own, were worshippers at that altar. The house in which the Prince has resided for so many years still bears the name of the family that now brings its youngest member to the font hard by.

Mr. Robert Diggles Kay has made his own last journey, after doing more than almost anyone to facilitate the less mysterious mundane journeyings of his fellow-creatures. For he was the originator and first editor of "Bradshaw," superintending its issue for a term of forty-one years. In his eighty-seventh year, he died at Southport, where he was interred on Tuesday.

Professor Francis William Newman had reached the venerable age of ninety-two when he passed away in his sleep on Monday night last week at his house at Weston-super-Mare. After taking a Double First at Oxford, and being elected Fellow of Balliol, he left the University at an early age, thinking there was "something wrong" in the dominant creed. His reaction from the Calvinism of his mother was followed later in life by his rebound from the Tractarian teaching of his elder brother, John Henry Newman, afterwards Cardinal. He became, in succession, a "Millennium man" in Ireland, then an "independent Christian" missionary in Bagdad, and afterwards a Deist who became a critic of Christianity. His knowledge of the classics, which was not perhaps so complete as it promised to be, and his familiarity with modern Arabic, gave a turn to much of his literary work, and his long tenure of the Chair of Classics in London University did not interfere with what was, after all, the chief interest of his life—the promulgation of such religious tenets as found utterance in his two principal volumes, "Phases of Faith" and "The Soul: Its Sorrows and Its Aspirations."

George Eliot, writing in the 'seventies, has a reference—rather a patronising and halting one—to the influence which these books of the younger Newman's had on her in "far-off" days, as well as the lectures of "poor Mr. Francis Newman," which she herself had attended. The relations between the Professor and the Cardinal were subject to as much vicissitude as their religious opinions. Beginning life affectionately, they drifted apart at Oxford, John Henry ceasing in time to speak to Francis, after duly admonishing him against liberalism in religion. When both brothers had become fixed in their divergence of opinion, meetings were more possible, and the fine figure of Francis Newman was seen among the visitors at the Birmingham Oratory. All the same, when the Cardinal died Francis was again in the fray, and he published a little volume which was equally regretted by his own friends and those of his departed brother. Mr. Newman, who leaves no children, was buried at Weston-super-Mare last Saturday.

In Mr. G. C. Boase, Cornwall has lost one of her foremost antiquaries, and the "Dictionary of National Biography" one of its most painstaking contributors. Born at Penzance in 1829, the son of a local banker, he had for elder brother the Rev. C. W. Boase, Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford, and a man of tastes kindred to his own. Mr. Boase had an early career that involved much experience of men and manners, first as a bank-clerk in Pall Mall, then in Melbourne as "reader" in the Age office, then as a gold-

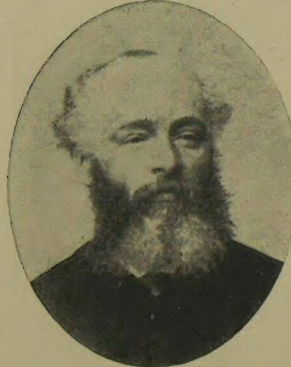


Photo J. Houle.
THE LATE MR. G. C. BOASE.

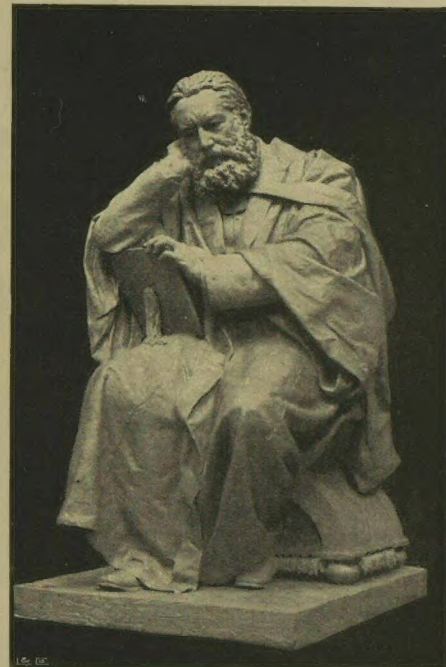
digger at Simpson's Ranges, then as a sheep-farmer and storekeeper, after which he acted as tutor in the family of a wealthy settler in New South Wales, and afterwards as manager in London for ten years of an Australian firm of provision-merchants. That brings us down to 1874, at which time Mr. Boase bade good-bye to commerce, and together with Mr. W. P. Courtney compiled his three standard volumes of Cornish bibliography. Other Cornish publications, including a history of the Boase family, followed; and his contributions to the "Dictionary of National Biography" are said to number seven hundred, mostly dealing with the biographies of men of average mark, such as General Jonathan Peel, Sir Charles Reed, Lord Frederick Cavendish, and the Rev. William Sewell.

A great crisis in the fortunes of any nation usually brings forward a man of supreme mastery, whose power might otherwise have been undiscovered. There is no doubt that the opportunity for a saviour is offered by the present condition of Greece, and whether M. Zaimis is the destined man of the moment remains to be seen. Certain it is that a spirit of confidence has arisen in political circles in Athens since the King, a fortnight ago, sent for M. Zaimis and entrusted him with the formation of a Cabinet to succeed the Cabinet of M. Ralli, defeated by M. Delyannis. M. Zaimis was the right-hand man of M. Delyannis; he is his kinsman, and he has held office under him. By those who share the King of Greece's alleged distrust of M. Delyannis, the appointment of M. Zaimis is regarded as a good stroke of policy.



M. ZAIMIS,
The New Greek Prime Minister.

A statue of Dr. Dale is to be inaugurated during the present week in Birmingham, the city which was the scene



STATUE OF THE LATE DR. DALE, BY MR. ONSLOW FORD,
TO BE UNVEILED AT BIRMINGHAM.

of his long labours for education and for social improvement of all other kinds. Birmingham, warned, no doubt, by the fate of London and other cities, is seeing to it that the statues it puts up shall be worthy of the prominence given to them in the eyes of all beholders. The services of Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., therefore, were secured for the statue of Dr. Dale, and with admirable results.

The death of Mr. Thomas Fielden, Conservative Member of Parliament for the Middleton division of Lancashire, occurred very suddenly during a shooting party. Mr. Fielden, who was tenant of North Amulree, Perthshire, had a party of friends out with him for a day's grouse-driving. He was missed by them for a short time, and when discovered was found on his face, quite dead. The news came with all the greater shock inasmuch as he had appeared to be in very good health lately, and only a few days earlier had attended a Directors' meeting of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company. The son of Mr. Joshua Fielden, formerly M.P. for the West Riding of Yorkshire, he was born at



Photo Russell, Baker Street.
THE LATE MR. THOMAS FIELDEN, M.P.

Stansfield Hall, Todmorden, in 1854, and was educated at Wellington College and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He had twice been beaten in the Middleton division, and twice been returned, on the last election by a majority of 865 votes.

The Duke of Norfolk, though not much of a sportsman himself, has always provided excellent sport for his friends. Not a great cricketer, he nevertheless takes the warmest interest in a little private club that plays in the grounds at Arundel Castle. In the same spirit, the Duke the other day addressed the staff and students of the recently constituted University College of Sheffield on the formation of an Athletic Union. He had to look back a good many years, he confessed, to the last time his shins were kicked at football; but he spoke as though he counted those kicks as items in his education. Sports he regarded as propagators of *esprit de corps*; and he pitied the Frenchman who thought that England hunted the fox for the sake of its skin instead of for England's own development of manly instincts.

The Right Hon. Sir Charles Lennox Wyke, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., and a Privy Councillor, died on Monday last week at the age of eighty-two, at his house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. The son of a Captain in the Grenadier Guards, he himself entered the Army, becoming a Lieutenant in the Royal Fusiliers, and afterwards a Captain on the Staff of Hanover's Staff. Diplomacy, however, was to be his career, and a special mission to the Central African Republic in 1859 was followed by his appointment, the year after, as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Republic of Mexico. After six years of varied service in Mexico, he returned to Hanover as Minister, and after the annexation of the Guelph kingdom to Prussia, he proceeded to Copenhagen, where he became the special friend of the reigning royal family. He had also a short tenure of office in Lisbon, and he played a part for which he was admirably fitted when he represented the Prince of Wales at the funeral of King Charles XV. of Sweden, and the Queen at the wedding of the Duke of Cumberland.

The Victoria Cross seems to be the last thing to grant or to withhold on merely technical grounds; and there is no doubt that it was fairly won, so far as gallantry goes, by Lieutenant Lord Fincastle. When he spurred to the rescue of Lieutenant Greaves, whose horse bolted and carried him into the midst of the foe in the fighting near Landikau, he risked his life in the unavailing effort to save a comrade. But Lord Fincastle was present at the time as a civilian, having obtained leave from his duties as an Aide-de-Camp of the Indian Viceroy in order to act as a correspondent of the *Times*. Had he been serving under Sir Bindon Blood, his reward had been assured. This seems a little hard, and even unreasonable. A soldier is bound to gallantry by his very profession, and among comrades there must always be an exchange of braveryes. But when a civilian, such as a war correspondent usually is, risks his life to save a soldier's, he shows an uncovenanted mercy, and the cross of his desire should hardly, in justice, be withheld; nor does the case for recognition weaken when, as in Lord Fincastle's case, it is a soldier who is doing duty as a civilian.

From Cambridge comes news of the sudden death, on Monday last week, of Dr. Charles Roy, Professor of Pathology in the University there. The son of an Arbroath shipowner, and born in 1854, he was educated at St. Andrews and Edinburgh, taking his M.D. degree. His first important post in his medical career was that of medical officer in the Turkish service at Janina, in Epirus, during the Turco-Servian War. In 1884 Dr. Roy was chosen for the newly appointed chair of Pathology at Cambridge, where a career of singular success as a Professor was interrupted, a couple of years ago, by a serious illness, and is now ended by his death.

Rome is a rather less common origin for an English statue than it was a few years ago, for despite our climate, more Italians have come to work in London than Englishmen have gone to work in Rome. Sculptors find it convenient to be near their market. Mr. Joseph Swynerton, however, has just sent over from his studio, not far from the Quirinal, a statue of Queen Victoria, to be erected in Southend, at the cost of the Mayor. Without an American sculptor, Rome would hardly be the Rome of Hawthorne, and one such, at least, exists in the person of Mr. Story, a son of the author of "Roba di Roma," Mr. W. W. Story.



Photo Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.
THE LATE SIR CHARLES LENNOX WYKE.



THE LATE PROFESSOR ROY.

Colonel Lanson (Mr. C. Cartwright). Mr. O'Hara (Mr. Beveridge).

Captain Aylmer (Mr. W. Terriss).

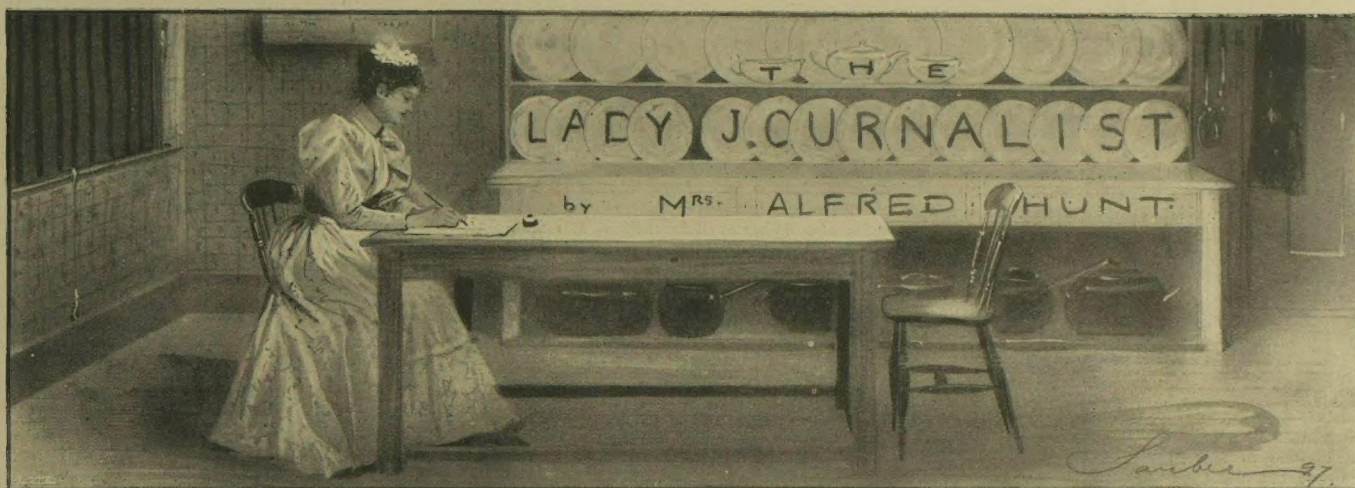
Act 1. Scene 1.—Captain Aylmer and Dorothy Maine.



Act II. Scene 1.—Mrs. Bunder and Sergeant Bunder Dorothy Maine
(Miss V. Featherston and Mr. H. Nicholls). (Miss Millward).

Captain Clinton (Mr. L. Cautley).

"IN THE DAYS OF THE DUKE," AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE: THE CHALLENGE IN THE GAMBLING-ROOMS AT THE PALAIS ROYAL.



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT SAUBER.

HE—he was, perhaps, the most distinguished novelist of the day—had given a dinner the night before; he had invited friends with whom he was not sufficiently intimate to see failure after failure with an unruffled mind—he was far from being unruffled when just before he went out he heard the footfall of the author of this social disaster on the stairs. It was not a light one! Each step came stump, stump, along, and he anathematised her afresh as he heard it, and himself for having expected that a woman who set down her feet so heavily could toss up a dainty dish with her hands.

He was so angry that when she entered the room he was afraid of saying too much, and said nothing. She was a woman of a certain age—his cooks always were women of a certain age. This one had cold, light-coloured eyes, and a face which expressed dissatisfaction with life and its dealings with her, but thorough satisfaction with herself. She entered the room as one who knew herself to be a valued and valuable servant might enter it, and while he was picking out words of censure which would not have to be too much repented of afterwards, she said blandly, "You need not trouble yourself about ordering dinner to-day, Sir; there's a many things left over from last night that will make up, and I can manage very well."

"I can't say that you managed very well last night!" he growled. "The dinner was a wretched failure!"

"A wretched failure!" Pray, Sir, may I ask you to name the fault?" exclaimed Mrs. Finch, as she suddenly swept both her hands behind her apron, leaving only two thumbs in sight. Mrs. Finch had a way of marking progressive stages of indignation with her hands, and when she put them behind her apron and worked her thumbs about nervously on the outer edge of the apron, a decided change of temper had set in. She was working them about now with nervous rapidity, and never taking her eyes off him.

"The fault! There were so many faults that I don't know where to begin. The soup was cold, the fish dropping to pieces, the sauces——"

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" cried Mrs. Finch, flinging her hands up high in the air with their palms spread out before his eyes. Stage two had been reached.

"Sauces should be——"

"You are not going to say stirred, I hope, for stirred they was and well stirred; but there's One above!" and as she said this she wrung her hands, and then, with an air of angelic patience, added, "Yes, there's One above!"

He was tempted to say, "I was above, my good woman, I and my guests, and you were below to cook our dinner properly, and did not do it," but checked himself. She thought that she had gained an advantage, and, to keep it, rushed on with, "And this is not at all the kind of place that I have been accustomed to. I said so to Alison from the very first day I set my foot inside the door; but I do my duty in it—the Lord knows I do that! It's days of hard work and it's nights of anxiety! You want so much when you are in, and the house is so dangerous when you are out. I'm not used to such houses. There's a back garden which is good for nothing but harbouring thieves and murderers. There ought to be more shutters to the back windows, and they should have bells on them, and heavier bolts and bars. The house is a dangerous one, I say, and I said so from the first!"

"Make a barricade of some of your light puff pastry," he said, for he could no longer endure this.

Again her hands flew back into the air. Again she cried, "There's One above!"

"I must go," he said; "I am late," and fled from the room. She saw his dismay, followed him to the stairs, and hurled after him the words, "I give you notice, Sir, that I shall leave your situation this day month!" She spoke as one who feels "inly just," and he fled from the disagreeable ending of a disagreeable scene.

He was glad she was going, but it was terrible to be once more cast on the wide waste of middle-aged spinsters and widows. What a hateful region it was, and how many of its denizens had already found a temporary home with him! He had had the widow, who wept into his apple-tarts and dropped a cursive tear on his silver *entrée* dishes. He had had the deserted wife, whose husband, from time to time, came to see if terms of reconciliation could not be agreed upon, and who strengthened and re-strengthened himself for the discussion of these terms

by partaking of the choicest delicacies in the larder. He had had the engaged cook whose lover's love could only be retained by subsidies from the same place. He had had the fluttering, all-in-the-air, little semi-poetical woman who let her pans boil over, and her soufflés weld themselves into a solid brown skin, because her heart had leapt up when someone told her that there was a rainbow in the sky, and she had felt that she must see it. She had been angelic to deal with so far as words were concerned; but what was the good of a cook of whose



"You cook very well for one so young. How did you learn?"

works nothing could be predicted with certainty but that every cream and cake she made would be garishly bedizen with pink sugar?

He had had the evangelical cook, who had wondered how he could want such very good cookery when life was so short and eternity so long. He had had—but why think of all these creatures? One might differ from the other in the instrument of torture that she used, but all were alike in certain main features of their characters—all had seen better days, or gone through so much trouble already that they were incapable of enduring one word of complaint from him; all knew so much already that there could be no possibility of any occasion for them to learn anything more, and all had ways of their own to which they considered it incumbent on him to accommodate himself without delay. He lashed himself into a mild fury until he reached his publisher's office.

When he returned home in the evening he was informed that Mrs. Finch was gone. "This is where she is, Sir, if you can read her writing. She is terribly ill-lettered!" said the parlour-maid, handing him a fly-leaf roughly torn from the kitchen cookery-book, with a few words scrawled on it:

"Please to forward my quarter's wage as is due to —. If you like to deduct a month's wage because I've left you of a sudden, I make little doubt that the law will protect you. Do what you choose about that, but it is your duty to remember how I have struggled to be patient with you."

Trevor might, as refined witnesses in police-courts sometimes say, have "used an expression," but when he looked up he saw strong sympathy in his parlour-maid's face. Alison had been thirty years in the family, so he asked her what she thought of this note, unconsciously making no secret of his conviction that she had read it.

"Think, Sir! I think you have had far too much patience with her, and that her going is a good riddance," (Alison was a confirmed North-Countrywoman). "And if you will excuse me, Sir, I think you would have done better all along if you had hired younger cooks; they would be more biddable and better in every way. It's not as if you hadn't me here. I'm a middle-aged responsible woman; I'd see that nothing wrong went on. You don't let me be the help I might."

"I daresay that is true. Get me a cook if you will— young or old, or what you like, so long as she is clean and respectable, and knows her business."

"The new cook came in last night, Sir."

"Did she? If she made this omelette, she'll do."

Alison sighed and said: "I'm afraid she won't, Sir. I am very much put out about her."

"What, already? I must say we have no luck! What has she done?"

"Nothing, Sir. It's just that she's so much prettier than I thought for, and so much younger, too! Oh, I'm dreadfully disappointed!"

"Youth is no sin, if she is a good servant."

"If only she is," said Alison fervently. "But she's not a bit like any of those that we have had before."

"Thank Heaven for that!"

"Well, y—e—s," said Alison doubtfully; "but I thought you ought to be prepared, and there's Mrs. Trevor coming soon; she ought to be prepared too."

"Prepared for what?"

"The girl came downstairs in a light pink print! It fairly took my breath away."

"Let her wear as much pink as she likes, if she keeps it out of her cookery."

"Well, Sir, there's one thing you must let me do. If I find that she's certain not to suit us, may I send her away before Mrs. Trevor comes? I couldn't bear to have her telling me I might have seen at a glance that the girl wouldn't do."

"All right, Alison; but why should she not do? Now let me get to work. Tell her what to give me for dinner."

"Won't you give your own orders, Sir?"

"Not to-day. I'm busy."

"Very well, Sir; and I'll tell her about her pink dress."

"Do nothing of the kind! Let the woman wear what she likes!"

Alison departed with the air of "After this, the Deluge!"

For the next three or four evenings he dined out, but his breakfasts were so well cooked and well chosen that they left nothing to desire. "I am dining at home to-night," he said at last. "Send Hester to me."

"Better not, Sir, I think. She's still wearing that abominable pink thing."

"Does she suit in other respects?"

"Well, y—e—s," replied Alison, with a sniff of dissatisfaction.

"Still vexed about her dress, Alison? There's nothing else, I hope?"

"It is surely quite enough! She does a lot of writing, Sir."

"Writing! What sort of writing?"

"Just writing. Seems to be putting things down from out of her own head; same as you do, Sir."

"That's much the worst thing you have told me about her!" he said gaily. "I am asking twelve people to dine here next week: can she cook a dinner of that kind

without assistance? Send her to me, and I will see what she thinks."

"I'll do that, Sir; she might be afraid of you."

"Do it, then; but explain what I shall want."

"Hester is not at all afraid of undertaking a dinner for twelve," said Alison, on her return. "I told her that as you had got into rather a set way of ordering things for your parties, all your dinners were very much alike, so I could give her a very good idea of what you would have. And I did."

Trevor was unaware of this weak point, which seemed to be so well understood downstairs. In some vexation he exclaimed, "What did she say to that?"

"She asked if you told your guests the same stories every time they came, and said you might just as well do that as always give them the same dishes."

"Oh, she did, did she?" he muttered, almost angrily.

"Yes; she's terrible for asking questions of all kinds about you, Sir. She's never, never done with them! When I tell her so, she says it's because you are a distinguished man."

This was more satisfactory. Nevertheless, Trevor said: "Tell her it is the cook's business to suggest a menu, and if she will write one out, taking care to select what is in season, I will tell her if it will do."

Half-an-hour later a menu was submitted to him. It was prettily written, the French was accurate, and the dishes well chosen. Anyone, he reflected, can write a few words correctly who will take the trouble to copy what she sees; nevertheless, he felt curious. "Send the cook to me at once," he said firmly. He had an idea that Alison was doing her best to prevent him from getting a sight of the girl, and that made him anxious to do it. Firmness prevailed. A faint footfall was heard on the stairs. Never before had he heard any of his cooks making her way to him without finding himself thinking of "the huge earth-shaking beast" of Macaulay's "Lays."

A smile of pleasure at the change had come to his lips, when Hester quietly entered the room. He had been prepared for youth and beauty, but scarcely for the pale-pink dress. She was a delicately effulgent point in the room. Up to this moment—this bewildering moment—he had shut out of his house youth, beauty, and pale-pink dresses in favour of sullen and discontented spinster and widowhood, in dismal black or dingy grey.

"Good morning," he said. "You have been four days in my house, and I have had some opportunity of judging of your skill in cookery. I am very much satisfied with it."

A pretty blush overspread her face while she said: "I am glad that you are able to say so, Sir."

It was a pleasure not to hear her add: "I shall do my utmost to continue to merit your approbation." It would have been commonplace, and she did not look commonplace. Finch and the rest of them would certainly have said it.

"You cook very well for one so young. How did you learn?"

"To tell you the truth, Sir—"

"I was born in a very superior rank of life to that which I now occupy; that's what's coming, I see. How often I have heard it all!" was his thought.

"I never have learnt cookery except for three months at South Kensington. I faithfully follow good recipes, that's all, and a year ago I was in Germany, and saw a great deal of cooking going on. I was then occupying—"

"Now it's coming! 'A very different position from that which I am occupying now,'" was Trevor's thought, and she used the very words.

"But," she began, after a minute's pause—

"Owing to unforeseen calamities," he mentally continued for her.

"Owing to entirely unforeseen and wholly unpreventable calamities," she said, thus going one better than her master, "it became necessary—"

"To earn a little money in order to keep a home, however humble, over my aged parents' heads."

"For us all to earn something; and I felt that as a governess my age would be against me, and that I should be told that I must accept a comfortable home in lieu of salary. So I thought I would turn to account what I had learnt at home and in Germany."

"Did you by any chance learn any of the customs they observe on Twelfth Night or Day? I am writing on such things."

"*Sie essen neuerlei Gemüse.* Oh, I beg your pardon, Sir. Talking of Germany made me think in German. They eat nine different kinds of vegetables at dinner."

"Thank you. So you became a cook?"

"Not at once. I am cooking now, but I have done all kinds of things to earn money for my mother and myself."

"I can't understand this girl," thought Trevor when she was gone. After this he saw her daily.

A fortnight went by, and Mrs. Trevor was on the eve of arriving for her annual visit during the season, when Alison burst suddenly into his room one evening and ruthlessly checked a fine flow of composition by exclaiming angrily, "You said I might give that girl downstairs notice to quit on my own authority, when I thought it necessary, and I've done it, Sir! I've told her that she must leave this house, bag and baggage, the first thing to-morrow morning! Mrs. Trevor is coming to-morrow evening, and I won't have a creature like Hester in the

house and be reproached for ever hiring her! I am fairly—"

"If ever you allow me to get a word in, Alison, I shall ask you what this means?"

"It means that she is here on false pretences—that she's not a cook at all, and never has been a servant anywhere but here! That she ought to be packed out of the house this very minute, late as it is—that she's a spy of some kind, watching her chances of picking up anything she can about you, and your ways of living and writing, and thinking and speaking, and then sitting down on end to write it all off to the newspapers for them to print it. She gets money by it, of course, and if you don't call it dirty, low, abominable conduct, I do. I don't know how to call it half low enough!"

"But what reason have you for thinking she does this?"

"The best possible reason. First her perpetual questions, then her always sitting down to write in the evenings after she has got anything out of us. That made me jealous something, so I picked up some of her torn-up writing that had gone under the grate instead of into the fire."

"Alison!"

"She picks up my words! I pieced the bits together and discovered what she's after. There was a lot about a book of yours which placed you, she said, at once in the first rank of novelists, or some stuff of that kind."

"Not bad stuff, Alison. There's nothing offensive in that."

"But need she have said that you always wore old coats and shoes when you wrote, and that you couldn't get a single thought up if you hadn't a cup of cold tea by your side?"

"Perhaps not, but it is true."

"And why is everyone to know what time you write, and when you go to bed, and what sort of an establishment you keep? She says you keep a singularly modest one! It's like her impudence to say anything of the kind—was it likely you would keep an immodest one? Now, don't laugh, Sir, I beg; I am that put out I shall say something hasty if you do!"

"I won't. Tell me some more."

"She said that 'like many other distinguished men, you had to write occasional pot-boilers'—there the cook broke out! Oh, I can't talk about her! Either she leaves in the morning or I do. I couldn't abide seeing things about myself in the papers, and when she's done writing about you she will begin with me! I'd rather leave than that should happen. Good-night, Sir."

No sooner was Alison gone than Hester came. She had evidently been crying. "I won't waste your time, Sir," she said, "but Alison says I am to leave in the morning, and I can't go without trying to set myself a little straight in your estimation. You have been kind to me."

"And you—"

"Don't say anything bad! It has been said already. Alison told me that I had sneaked into your house to send a pack of lies to the newspapers. I will tell you the truth. I work for my living, and my work is writing. I am a journalist, and on the staff of papers at home and in America, and there is no denying that I came here in search of copy. I hoped to get material for at least two articles. One is written, and has, no doubt, been published in America. I was writing another, but, after getting to know you, I felt as if I could not send it, and I tore up what I had written. Alison found some fragments of it and read them. I was not going to use what she found—in fact, I thought my MS. was entirely destroyed, but she read it, and, I suppose, told you—and—after a pause—"I suppose you are very angry with me?"

"Because you said I wore old coats and shoes when engaged in composition—oh, no! I shall be tried by a jury of my peers, and most of them know that they do the same thing. You needn't have put them on the track of my cold tea."

"It was base of Alison to read all that!"

"Of course it was, but—"

"It was base of me to come and live under your roof to gather information about you—that's what you were going to say."

"Not base—a slight sin against good taste, perhaps."

"But very good journalism!"

"I suppose so. Do you know, I am sorry you are a journalist."

Hester flushed crimson, but said boldly: "I am not; but I am sorry I came here! I beg your pardon for coming, but I beg you to remember that I destroyed that article of my own accord, and that neither you nor Alison would ever have known it had been written if I had not done that, and done it badly. I shall be gone before you are up in the morning. Once more I apologise." With these words and with eyes sparkling with tears, she hastily turned to go.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, "don't go!" Then he remembered that she was only his cook for journalistic purposes, and would, of course, not wish to stay now.

"You are most kind, but I must. You will easily get a new cook."

"And you a new subject!" he said bitterly; he was aggrieved by her departure, and the words escaped him unawares.

She started, as if he had given her a blow, but faced him, though she could not see him for tears, exclaiming: "I am a journalist, and must do my work! What's more, I like it!"

"And I'm a brute!" he said, but she was gone. "Wait one moment!" he cried, for he felt he must apologise, but she did not wait. He sprang up, his foot slipped on the newly polished floor, and he crashed down against the sharp corner of a book-case. Hester heard him fall and ran back, and as quickly rang for help.

"Get a doctor!" she said, "I fear his arm is broken, and he has hurt his head—he has fainted!"

"You must fetch the doctor," said Alison; "Mary and I must get him up and lay him on the sofa."

"Whatever you do, don't move him. Do get a doctor!"

"My place is here!" said Alison. Hester would have gone, but fore-saw that as soon as her back was turned Alison would try to move him on to the sofa, and, perhaps, do untold injury—so she summoned the housemaid and sent her.

"Some people take a mighty deal upon themselves," sniffed Alison.

"The doctor won't be in for an hour," was Mary's report when she returned.

"Get another," said Hester.

"There are three of us," said Alison, "let's have him on the sofa."

"Wait till I put the arm in temporary splints," urged Hester.

"Oh, you're a doctor as well as a professed cook and spying writer!" snarled Alison.

Without taking any notice of this, Hester went to a pile of newspapers and began to make two stiff rolls of them.

"Be careful," said Alison; "you might tear up some of your own precious articles!" Then Hester tore up her apron for bandages, and put his arm in splints. "Oh, we've done with our aprons now, I suppose," sneered Alison, but at this moment Trevor regained consciousness.

"You seem to be an uncommonly sensible young woman!" observed the doctor. "Where did you learn how to give such efficient first aid?"

Hester blushed. She had attended an ambulance-class, and made five pounds by mocking her fellow-students.

"I wish you both to sit up with Mr. Trevor," said the doctor before going, for he saw that Hester was the only one who was of use.

"I don't need assistance, Sir. I nursed him when he was a baby, and feel quite competent to nurse him now," said Alison scornfully.

"There must be two. I insist on it! His temperature

is high, and must be watched. If it rises beyond a certain point, I must be sent for at once. Do you know how to take a patient's temperature, Mrs. Alison, and can you count on your eyesight if you do?"

Alison, who did not even know what temperature meant, was unable to do either, so no more could be said.

All night long Hester watched, and Trevor was conscious of soft hands, which placed delicately wetted compresses on his aching forehead, and of a sweet and kindly presence. Towards morning he slept, and Alison slept too, but Hester had never felt more awake. She sat by his side, and many thoughts came into her mind.

Next day, though a little better, he lay in much the

"I will go this morning," she said, and went.

"Who is that?" asked Trevor, when he felt the touch of an ungentle and unskilled hand.

"It's Alison. Thank goodness, we've got shot of that Hester; and Mrs. Trevor has telegraphed to her own cook to come till we're suited! I will have nothing to do with choosing one this time! Once bit, twice shy!"

Alison might rejoice at Hester's departure, but he did not. Nor could he forgive himself for the way in which he had treated her.

"How did she go?" he asked. He would rather hear of her from an enemy than not at all.

"She fetched herself a cab, and had her things put in

it, and went off with her nose in the air as if she had nothing in the world to reproach herself with, and she didn't take a penny of her wages. She left it all lying in a little heap on the table."

"What address did she give the driver?"

"I didn't rightly catch it."

"East, West, South, or North?"

"Couldn't say, Sir, I'm sure," and she pursed up her lips lest by any chance a fragment of information should escape.

"It won't be difficult to trace a beautiful lady journalist," he thought, and then he smiled, for he once more seemed to see her standing by the door to take his orders, and making all the room bright with her beauty.

Miss Hester Brooke was at home. She had not expected him, and had no idea what he could want or how he had found that she lived in Mellicent Road, but she did wish he had not found her with a great dab of ink on the tip of the middle finger of her right hand.

"I have come to thank you for nursing me so kindly and skilfully; I am, as you see, myself again."

"I am glad you are. How did you discover that I lived in Mellicent Road?"

"From Jackson. How can I ever thank you enough for your goodness to him—and to me, too—for I had undertaken his work, and should have been wretched if he had lost it through me?"

"It was nothing! Work of that kind comes natural to me, and the editor of the *Epoch* knows me."

"But you did it for three whole weeks! You provided him with means of livelihood! It is one of the kindest things I ever heard of!"

"Anyone would have done it—you would yourself—it was only because you were ill that you didn't."

"That's quite different. He is my friend."



"Would marrying you mean being taken away from it?"

same state, and, by the doctor's order, Hester was still by his side. "Don't leave him," he said to her. "I am afraid of trusting him to Mrs. Alison; she is too fond of her own way."

About four o'clock Trevor said faintly, "There is one thing which troubles me. Jackson is ill in bed, and I promised to do his work for him for a fortnight. He is the dramatic critic for the *Epoch*, and is afraid they will not keep his place open for him if he fails them. Will you write to him and say he must get someone else?"

"Yes," she said, "I can find his address."

As soon as Mrs. Trevor arrived, Alison had an interview with her, after which Mrs. Trevor signified to Hester that they could do what was required without her assistance, and she must leave at once.

"This evening, do you mean?" asked Hester.

"Yes, it's late; but if you have a home to go to —"

"I did it for you. I ventured to think of you as a kind of friend."

"I am a friend, and always shall be; but first let me be a business man. You went to the theatres twice or thrice a week for three weeks, and you gave every penny of pay you received to him."

"I had his ticket."

"Yes; but your own work must have suffered, and you didn't go alone, of course—you bought a ticket for your mother or someone else."

"Not I! Why should I?"

"You, a young and beautiful girl, went alone! Jackson's work must have taken you to all kinds of theatres, high and low."

"And I went to them. Why shouldn't I?"

"Good Heavens! Don't ask me—you must know yourself that it is not the thing for you, or any girl, to do."

"I go to do my work and I do it, and come quickly home again, and if you see harm in that, I don't."

"I see harm—I see danger—I see discredit! Dear Hester, I love you—I love you with all my heart; marry me, and let me take you away from this kind of thing!"

"Would marrying you mean being taken away from it?"

"Of course it would! I couldn't bear to see the woman I loved living in such a way."

"Do you love me for myself, or is your offer only prompted by a desire to rescue me? Am I a brand you are trying to pluck out?"

"I love you for yourself—I always shall. Who could help it?"

"But you would stop my writing?"

"Some of it I certainly should. Dear Hester, do you love me enough to marry me?"

"We won't talk of that! I won't give up my work, so why should we? It interests me—it gives me a sense of power. I like to keep myself, and help my mother—I like many things about it."

"But—"

"Oh, don't let us say another word on the subject! It's useless. I will live my life in my own way, and I'm not ashamed of anything I do."

"I am quite sure that you never come within a hundred miles of doing anything you should not, but my father and mother are country gentlemen with strict ideas. They detest even my work: what would they say if I had a wife who insisted on going alone to theatres?"

"You are not going to have one."

"But I want you—I love you. Make the little sacrifice. Don't decide now—take some time to think."

"I have thought already. No girl who respected herself would, for the sake of marrying you, make what would be practically an admission that she had hitherto been doing something wrong and improper—unless she felt she had. There is no harm in what I am doing, and I won't behave as if there was. Thank you very much for your offer, but I will not accept it."

He had begged and prayed, and even offered to let her "do" theatres of the better sort, but she had been inflexible. He had learnt what papers she wrote for, and had been told on all sides that she was "a good sort, and knew how to take very good care of herself"; but he had not succeeded in finding her at home again. By reading the *Thursday's*—he was, however, able to follow her movements a little. They were decidedly erratic. She had evidently had a day with the lady gardeners at Swanley, and another with the cinder-sifters at —. He liked the way she wrote, he liked the glimpses he obtained of her character, but he detested her line of work.

In the summer he travelled for some time in regions inaccessible to English newspapers. The day after his return he was reading "A Day with the Kentish Hop-pickers," when his mother, who had come to town to meet him, returned from an afternoon's shopping. She came to him and thrust a box of matches in his hand. "They are for you, dear," she said; "I bought them from that cook you had. She is standing close by Debenham's, selling them!"

"Take them away!" he said. "I hate the very thought of what she does!"

"She's nothing to you, dear," said his mother, and he was afraid that she was right. He took his pen and began

to write a scathing article against women who obtain "copy" in this way, but scarcely had he written a page before he thought, "What am I doing? I am saying on paper what I ought to say to her," and off he went at once. It was getting late, and foot-passengers were few in number. She was standing at the corner of the street, and was evidently weary, for she restlessly shifted the weight of her body from one foot to the other. Her bright colour had faded, her eyes were dim. This irritated him still more. He went to her and said almost angrily: "You told me that you looked on me as a friend—I should be no friend to you if I did not tell you that you ought not to be here. Believe me, you will regret it."

"There's no harm in it," she answered feebly. She seemed shy or afraid.

"There is great harm if there is not great good, and nothing will come of what you are doing but an article. This is no genuine experiment. You come here for one day, and you go home and write as if you knew all about the lives of match-sellers. What can you know really? People are sure to buy from you. If you want to know what these girls earn, you must do away with all that makes you what you are, and be a plain, ill-fed, ill-dressed girl, and come here in sunshine and rain, for weeks together. You must know, too, how they live when they are at home, and what they have to do with their money when they get there. I have no patience with experiments which extend only over one day. They produce selling copy, but they bring out no truth. The only woman I ever heard of who tried to learn the honest truth about any of women's industries was Miss Beatrice Potter, who worked steadily

could see that she too had a broom in her hands, which she was holding between herself and the lamp-post and the man trying to take it from her.

"Give it up, you blooming idiot, before worse happens!" said a friendly bystander. The woman only clung the closer.

"Take that then!" said he of the broom, stooping down to gather up as much mud as his two hands would hold, and dashing it over the woman with fatal effect.

Trevor was out of the cab in a moment. "Stop that, you brute!" he cried, rushing to the rescue. "Let that woman alone!"

"Let her let my crossing alone!" said he surlily. "I've swept here more 'n a year, and now she thinks she has nothing to do but to come with a fine new broom and take every bite of bread out of my mouth! I'll be the death of her if she doesn't clear off!"

"She's gone, and what's more, she has left you her broom," said a woman; and when Trevor turned to look, he found it was true, and that she was already some yards away. He had not seen her face, and until this moment he had not even seen her figure; but now that she was no longer concealed by the crowd, there was something in her figure, disguised though it was by a shabby, ill-fitting, mud-bespattered jacket, that was familiar to him. While he was looking at her, it occurred to the crossing-sweeper's boy that if ever he was to enjoy a little more revenge on the woman who had tried to steal the family's bread, it must be now; so he darted after her, and in his turn threw a handful of mud on her.

In less than a minute Trevor had flung the urchin himself down in the mud, had overtaken Hester—for now he knew that it was Hester—and had entreated her to let him take her away from these wretches.

"Quick!" he said. "Get into my cab and let us go." The cab had followed him.

He took her trembling hand in his, and was leading her to the hansom, when the driver said: "You'll excuse me, Sir, but my cab won't be fit for nothing if that there muddy female gets inside it."

"Take off your coat—jacket, I mean—there's no mud on anything else," said Trevor.

With trembling hands she obeyed, and down it dropped on the pavement.

"Mellicent Road!" cried Trevor. "Drive quickly! Double pay!"

For some minutes neither of them spoke, then, without looking at him, she said, "Stop the first cab you see, of any sort, and put me into it—you must not be seen with me."

"Not seen with you?"

"I—I am not a person you can be seen with. Put me in a cab and let me go home. If ever we meet again, I promise you not to look as if I had ever spoken to you in my life. Oh! if you did but know how shocked and hurt and miserably ashamed I am!"

"Don't you know I love you?" he said.

"You once did; but now?"

"Now more than ever!"

She shivered and shrank still farther away, but he took her hand, and she did not draw it back. It was cold, limp, and irresponsive to love, friendship, or even common kindness; but the very fact of her leaving it in his showed him that he had won the battle.

THE END.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING:
INTERIOR OF FORT BARA, WITH COMMISSARIAT GO-DOWN AND "DEVON" BIVOUCAS.

From a Photograph by Sergeant F. Hugo, R.E.

with the girls she wished to befriend for weeks, and did not retire to comfort after playing at working for a day, but lived all the time as they did. Experiments of that kind are worthy of all respect."

"You are very angry with me!" said Hester, looking paler still.

"Not angry. Inexpressibly grieved! Painfully hurt! Wretchedly miserable!"

"Why so many adjectives? Or are they, perhaps, adverbs? I am not feeling all that about myself."

"You can't deny that this has not been an altogether pleasant experience."

"I am not going to come here again," she said, turning away her head.

He was about to say, "You will do something else just as bad," but restrained himself.

"Your mother saw me. I did not want her to see me!"

"May I get you a cab?"

"I can do that for myself, thank you. Do go! Everyone is looking round at us."

"You are angry with me—you have a right to be; but do think!"

"I am not angry, but please leave me."

"Will you—"

"Oh, do go! You know what I think, and I know what you think. I am going home."

He left her, but looked back. She was getting into a hansom.

A month or so after this he was driving one morning to Paddington en route for the river, when he saw a group of people who seemed to be much interested in a street disturbance. A disreputable man with a broom, and a disreputable boy without one, were attacking a woman, who was clinging to a lamp-post near a dirty crossing. Her back was turned to him, but when he got nearer he

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

AT HOME.

Twelve months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d.
Six months, 14s. Christmas Half-Year, 15s. 3d.
Three months, 7s. Christmas Quarter, 8s. 3d.

ABROAD.

THICK EDITION.

Twelve months (including Christmas Number), £1 10s. 4d.
Six months, 17s. 4d. Christmas Half-Year, 19s. 0d.
Three months, 8s. 8d. Christmas Quarter, 10s. 4d.

THIN EDITION.

Twelve months (including Christmas Number), £1 12s. 0d.
Six months, 15s. 2d. Christmas Half-Year, 16s. 10d.
Three months, 7s. 7d. Christmas Quarter, 9s. 3d.

Newspapers for foreign parts may be posted at any time, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

Subscribers are specially advised to order the thick-paper edition, the appearance of the engravings on the thin-paper copies being greatly injured by the print at the back showing through.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, direct to the Publishing Office, 138, Strand, in English money; by cheques, crossed "The Union Bank of London"; or by Post-Office Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to Ingram Brothers, of 138, Strand, London.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.



LOOKING TOWARDS THE KHYBER PASS FROM BARA

From a Photograph by Sergeant F. Naze, R.E.



MOUNTAIN BATTERY (PESHAWAR) IN ACTION.

From a Photograph by Captain H. D. Watkin, Trench Field Force.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

"This is very interesting," said Judge Iacon; "but do people eat oysters in August?" "In course, oysters is allus good when they is good," was the answer of the plaintiff, and the reply, from his point of view, was nearly as conclusive as that of Sandy when he agreed with the minister that "whusky was bad; especially bad whusky." The plaintiff claimed ten shillings in return for a hamper of oysters which he had bought on the latest Bank Holiday in order to sell again. He found, however, that "there were a few good 'uns on top, and the rest were fit to walk." Thereupon he applied to the Billingsgate vendor of the bivalves to have his money back, but that individual only added insult to injury.

The latter-day plaintiff had prompter justice than the two pilgrims of La Fontaine's fable, who applied to a third to settle their claim with regard to an oyster they had found; in this instance, however, we are not concerned with the litigants, but with the Judge and with his rightful expression of surprise at people eating oysters in August. Judge Iacon is, no doubt, one of the cleverest gentlemen on the County Court Bench, but even the cleverest of us cannot know everything. Within recent times there has been a good deal of discussion on the subject of eating oysters "in and out of season." What an entertaining sermon our metropolitan Solon could have preached had he known that story of Jean Richépin in "Les Morts Bizarres"! It is entitled, "Juin, Juillet, Août," and describes the death of a shipwrecked man, a very selfish one—not shellfish, Mr. Printer—who, being punished, ate some oysters in June, and perished in consequence. The story winds up with two lines—

Juin, Juillet, Août,
Ni huitres, ni femmes, ni choux.

We recommend its perusal to our readers.

Now, in Paris, we should have never heard of such a case. The oyster vendor would not have sold a hamper of doubtful oysters, let alone "whiffy" ones, and thus exposed himself and his customer to be fined by the police. He would have simply despatched the hamper, or the dozen hampers, to the quarter where they would have been "accommodated," and the world at large would not have been a whit the wiser or, perhaps, the worse for the transaction; for the contents of such a dozen hampers, let us say 3000 or 4000 oysters in all, would have been distributed in fours or fives among a great many wholesale orders to the provinces.

But in Paris the salesman would not have waited, as in this case, until the oysters were deceased, but would have sent them away when they were moribund. The recipient would have placed them in buckets of salt water—not sea-water, for that is not to be had for the asking—amid a mash of seaweed, and the oyster would have revived. "When the oyster is of good quality," said one of those professional revivers to me, "it is full of a special liquid, which keeps it alive, and gives it its special flavour. Sea-water in any great quantity is only found in the Portuguese. The oyster secretes the afore-mentioned liquid in contact with the sea-water; when the sea-water fails the secretion ceases, and the oyster soon dies. When I get the oysters," my informant went on, "they are dying, but not dead. I then put them in salt water; they open their valves, drink, and when full, close again. They do not live very long, they die of indigestion, but they neither look nor smell bad; and among every two dozen good ones sent to the provinces, I put a couple of the others, perhaps three. All this is owing to the 'unreasonable' price of oysters."

That my informant told me the truth, I feel absolutely convinced, for I made subsequent inquiries at the Italies and had his words confirmed. I have tracked a good many frauds in connection with food while I was in Paris. The clue to this fraud was given to me by a buxom *caillère* who sat outside the restaurant where I usually took my luncheon. "We are charged such 'unreasonable' prices, Monsieur," she said; "that I do not wonder at these tricks. One has to be very honest to withstand those temptations."

Twice thus within a short time the exorbitant price of the bivalves was pleaded in extenuation of fraud. Dear as oysters may be, they are not so dear as that barrel, famed in Russian story, which practically cost £30,000. Count Scheremetef, an immensely wealthy and powerful noble who lived in the early part of this century, had among his serfs a man named Schalouchine, who had amassed an enormous fortune. He had offered as much as £50,000 for his freedom, but in vain. One day Scheremetef gave a dinner-party, and to his disgust there were no oysters to begin the banquet with. "They were not to be had at any price," replied the steward. At that very moment Schalouchine was announced. He was ushered in among the guests, and Scheremetef bullied him as usual. "Your freedom," he yelled, "you cannot have it if you offered a million of roubles. A million, pshaw! a few dozen of oysters would be worth more than that to me at this moment." "Do I understand, then, my lord, that you would grant me my freedom if I procured them for you?" "Yes," was the answer. As it happened, Schalouchine had brought a barrel of oysters, having heard of the dinner. The deed of freedom was immediately signed, Schalouchine took his place among the guests, and his descendants are not only the wealthiest bankers in Russia, but were ennobled about a quarter of a century ago.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Rev. Oswald H. Parry, late of Sunderland, has left England to join the staff of the Archbishop of Canterbury's Assyrian Mission to Urmi, in Persia. The Archbishop of Canterbury wishes it to be understood that, notwithstanding the reports in the newspapers that certain clergy of the Russian Orthodox Church have arrived in North-Western Persia, the work of the Assyrian Mission is going on precisely as in the past, and needs all the help that can be given it. The Archbishop fears that an impression has obtained currency that no further funds are at present required. The time has certainly not yet come, and, perhaps, may not come for a long time, when the Archbishop's mission can safely be withdrawn, and it is hoped that the former supporters of the mission will rather increase than withdraw their support.

At the advanced age of eighty-five, Miss Frances Elizabeth Cox has passed away. Early in life she published a small volume of hymns translated from the German, some of which have passed into general use. Among these are "Jesus Lives!" and "Who are these like stars appearing?"

The Church of England has lost a devoted friend by the death of Lady Jane Spedding, of Mirehouse, Cumberland. She was a great invalid, but never shrunk from the performance of any duty, and threw herself with complete self-abnegation into any scheme for the work of the Church. The parish of Heck, in Yorkshire, is indebted to her for the gift of a site for a new church, and she also did much for the picturesque church of Bassenthwaite on the edge of the lake. Church defence was an object dear to



THE FIRST DRAWING DONE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS"
BY THE LATE SIR JOHN GILBERT.

THE QUEEN AS PHILIPPA, QUEEN OF EDWARD III., AT THE COSTUME BALL GIVEN
AT ROCKINGHAM PALACE IN 1842.

her, but she never sought it by political means, and had a deep and loving tenderness and respect for all who differed from her.

The Bishop of Salisbury writes that he can conceive of Nonconformist ministers who do not desire ordination to be admitted in a united Church to administer baptism and to teach and preach in the churches and to take a large part in the services. This is a very important and significant declaration, and something may come of it. There is no doubt there has been a greater desire in the Church of England for union with Nonconformists since the Pope made his famous declaration.

It is told of the late Canon Elwyn that he had no warmer admirer in the Cambridge days than the late Archbishop Benson. When the Archbishop had to nominate for the vacant Bishopric of Dover, Dr. Eden and Canon Elwyn were his nominees, and if the Canon had been twenty years younger he would doubtless have been elected.

Bishop Ingham recommends the previous acclimatization of all missionaries for West Africa by residence either in the East or West Indies, and he would send out only unmarried missionaries, and prohibit marriage. Without these safeguards he considers that the Church Missionary Society ought not to invite candidates to offer themselves for these missions. Bishop Ingham seems to be of opinion that the attempt to evangelise West Africa by Anglo-Saxons is not in accord with the will of God. The organ of the Church Missionary Society points out that the restrictions as to marriage have been for the last twenty years rigidly imposed and cheerfully endured for the work's sake in the Uganda mission. It is, however, intended to remove the restrictions at the earliest possible date.

The Bishop of Grahamstown is to resign his see and become Assistant-Bishop of Moray and Ross. He has found that it is necessary either to resign his charge or to be permanently separated from his wife, who is unable to bear the climate.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

As I write, an announcement has just appeared in the newspapers, under the guise of a telegram from Professor David, that the boring expedition undertaken with the view of testing the truth of Darwin's theory of the erection of coral islands, has resulted, so far, in a confirmation of the correctness of the hypothesis in question. Professor David's report comes from Samoa, and adds that the expedition has proved a decided success. In this respect, therefore, it will contrast with the expedition to Funafuti, undertaken with a like aim. The bore in the latter case, it will be remembered, became choked with sand. The expedition over which Professor David presides was despatched to the Ellice Islands by the Geographical Society of Sydney. Presumably, it has been discovered that the foundations of the island investigated were coral, and not anything else in the way of a raised-up foundation such as is postulated in the theories that oppose Darwin's views. The drill, we are told, went down 557 feet through coral, and even then did not touch the bottom. Here we seem to have evidence that Darwin's opinion is correct. If the perfected coral island is the result of the slow upgrowth of coral, provided for by the subsidence of the land on which the corals made a foundation, then the great thickness of the coral remains a proof of the actions indicated by Darwin as those which alone can account for reefs of great thickness being formed. Coral can only live at a limited depth; hence, when we find reefs arising in oceanic abysses, we must conclude either that the corals obtained a foundation to begin with, on some volcanically raised surface, or that they began their work on ordinary land, which has slowly sunk, while the corals have built upward. We may naturally look with great interest for further details respecting Professor David's expedition.

Professor W. F. Barrett, of the Royal College of Science for Ireland, has sent me a copy of his work "On the So-Called Divining-Rod, or Virgula Divina." This work, comprehensive and carefully written, represents the results of a very laborious examination of the evidence offered *pro* and *con*, the existence "of a peculiar human faculty, unrecognised by science, locally known as 'dowsing.'" The work is published by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. The subject of the discovery of the existence of underground water by means of the divining-rod has been frequently alluded to in this column. Not so very long ago I summed up the matter by saying that "dowsing" ought to be considered a topic of the *sub judice* order. On the one hand, we have the written testimony of many educated men to the effect that having employed "dowsers" to find water on their estates, they were perfectly satisfied with the results of the experiment. Water was found where the "dowsers" indicated its existence, and in many cases the depth at which the water would be met with was also fairly accurately predicted. On the other side, we find certain geologists scoffing at the idea that the divining-rod is anything more than a piece of modern charlatanism—a survival, in fact, from the days of witchcraft. On this view of things, the "dowser" hits on a water supply by sheer good luck, while it is added that the successes are invariably recorded, and the failures never.

The use of a rod, an ordinary divided twig or a bit of wire, is not a necessary feature of the "dowser's" work. One operator, at least, uses his hands simply. A very interesting part of Professor Barrett's work is that concerned with the personal symptoms, so to speak, of the "dowser," and with the feeling he experiences when he is at work. The gist of the evidence on this point appears to be that the operator is in a highly nervous state, that he experiences feelings of *malaise*, and is otherwise the subject apparently of nervous disturbance. The conclusion reached by Professor Barrett is that "the evidence, on the whole, affords a strong *prima facie* case on behalf of the existence of some peculiar faculty or instinct in certain individuals, the explanation of which is not to be found in the narrow region of the 'dowser's' conscious experience, but in the wider realm of his subconscious life. Whether this faculty, which we may provisionally assume to exist," concludes our author, "is so rare as it appears, whether it is hereditary, or whether it can be exalted by cultivation, are questions to be answered in the future." There is nothing, I conceive, to which objection may be taken in this cautious deliverance. It commits us simply to a fair conclusion, deduced from the evidence which has been collated. What certain scientists are fond of calling the "subliminal" state—that assumed condition of our mental state which lies below our ordinary consciousness—is thus credited with being the seat of the "dowsing" faculty, wherein the operator is appreciably affected by the presence of water. This conclusion, I repeat, commits us to nothing. It only advances a theory which offers fair grounds for further research; while it does not solve the problem of the divining-rod, it yet paves the way for fuller investigation of the faculty which has certainly attained some remarkable results, if the evidence adduced is to be credited at all.

A good deal of unnecessary talk and criticism has been lavished on the utterances (at the recent Leeds Sanitary Congress) of Dr. R. Sydney Marsden, of Birkenhead, regarding the fearful and wonderful results which he opines follow the exhibition of theatrical posters. I notice that Sir Henry Irving has been giving the *coup de grâce* to Dr. Marsden's wild notions in the course of some remarks he made at Cardiff. The next thing which Dr. Marsden may perhaps discover, will be the *bacillus theatricus*. The idea that a special microbe produces the effects he alleges would be just about as reasonable as his original contention.

THE LATE SIR JOHN GILBERT.

Sir John Gilbert is dead. To everybody who knows and feels what the Victorian era implies, the bald announcement stands for much more than an unrelated fact, a mere piece of current news to be recorded as a matter of routine. To ourselves it means the loss of an old and faithful ally, with whom we have been connected from the beginning of our life, to whom we owe a great debt of gratitude, for during the first years of its existence the career of *The Illustrated London News* was also the career of John Gilbert.

Born and bred in Blackheath—to which he clung affectionately during his fourscore years—Gilbert began life in an estate agent's office in Charlotte Row. Instead, however, of mastering the details of surveying, he was educating himself as an artist, and in 1836, at the age of nineteen, he made his first public appearance at the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street with a water-colour drawing which represented the "Arrest of Lord Hastings at the Council Board in the Tower by the Protector, Richard, Duke of Gloucester." The Royal Academy would have none of him until 1838, when they admitted his "Portrait of a Gentleman." There was a singular unity about his whole career. Thus his first picture indicated his dominant love of historical subjects—of which the picturing of current news was a natural aspect—and he followed the example of Mr. Sheepshanks, to whom he owed his introduction to wood-work, by dowering the nation with a host of pictures.

When Mr. Herbert Ingram finally resolved in 1842 to start *The Illustrated London News*—one of the most daring projects in the whole history of journalism—he instinctively hit upon Gilbert as the one man to annex, and paid him a memorable visit at his house in Blackheath, which Sir John sketched from memory for the Jubilee issue of this Journal five years ago. The result

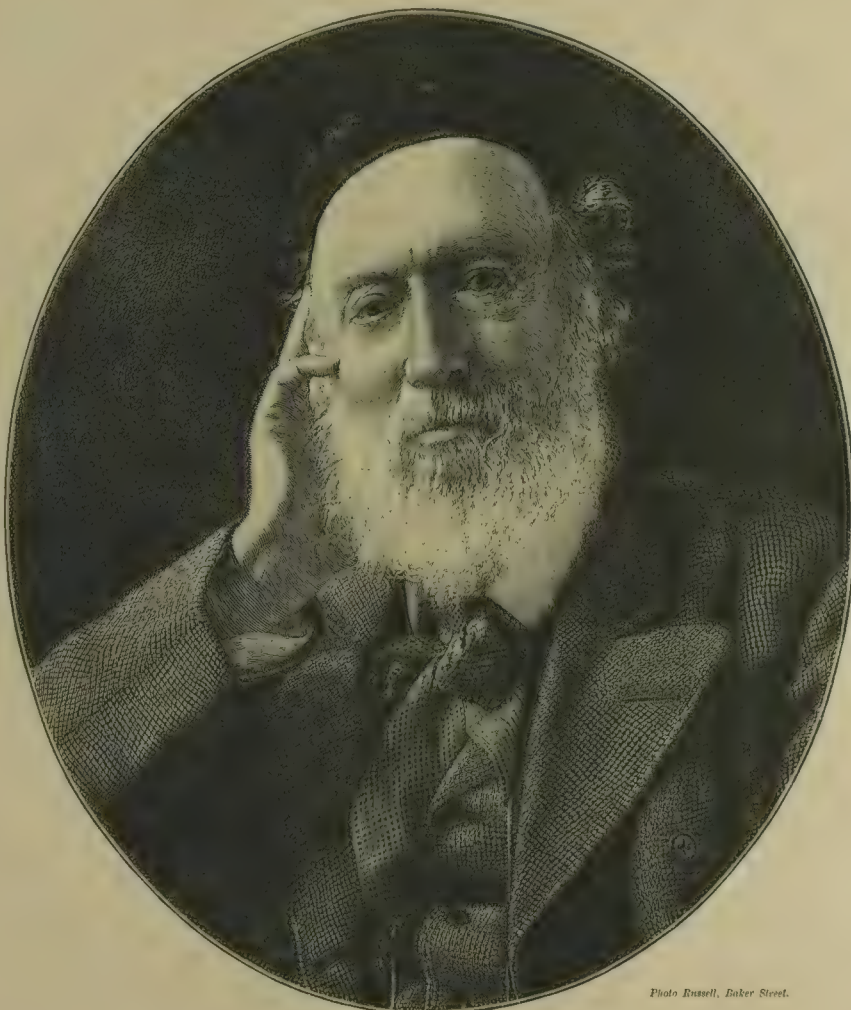


Photo Russell, Baker Street.

THE LATE SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

was that the young artist contributed eight of the twenty pictures which dazzled London when the *News* made its first appearance on May 14, 1842.

From that day onwards for many a year Gilbert appeared

no child to bear his name, no successor to take up his pencil in the way which we have learned to love. And *The Illustrated London News* has lost one of the few helpers who gave it a start in life five-and-fifty years ago.

regularly in the *News*. And remember, the *News* was only one part of Gilbert's work. He continued to illustrate books—just think of his marvellous *Shakspeare*, which remains absolutely unrivalled—and he contributed no fewer than 375 pictures in oil and water-colour to the chief exhibitions of the day, including fifty-one for the Academy Honours came to him as the years went by. In 1862 he was made an Associate of the Water Colour Society, rising to the Presidency nineteen years later. He was knighted in 1872, and none deserved more truly the Queen's recognition. The Academy made him an Associate in the same year, and a full Academician in 1876. France made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and he was the first and only artist to receive the Freedom of the London which he loved so well, and which he had done so much to educate for half a century.

In 1893 he presented some of his best pictures, including the one reproduced herewith, to the civic galleries of London, Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham, as if he had not already rendered his country sufficient service. For, mark you, Gilbert's work was really of national importance. He was coeval with the creation of black-and-white art on a really practical scale. He represented, in fact, what the word "art" in the Victorian era has really implied. His work is scattered the world over in numberless books and papers that have given endless pleasure to generations of people, and are today as fresh and as delightful as ever, as witnessed by the fact that his superb *Shakspeare* is about to be reissued. He lived on quietly in Blackheath, watching new men and new manners, and passed away on Oct. 5 at the ripe age of eighty, leaving



"WAR: AFTER THE BATTLE."

From the Picture by Sir John Gilbert, presented by him to the Guildhall Art Gallery, London.



BACK VIEW OF THE HOUSE.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XLII.

Cowdray Park.

ON the South Downs of Sussex, where the fresh wind is always blowing, is the little town of Midhurst: plain and old, but pleasantly set among the river Rother and the score of lesser, nameless streams that feed it. Close by lies a park whose titles to fame might be set out antithetically, in threes, in the style of the scribe whom its owner employed to write welcomes to Queen Elizabeth, when she visited him three centuries ago.

For Cowdray Park is thrice fortunate, and thrice within a single generation of its owners underwent terrible misfortune. It has a magnificent and ancient castle, "the pride of Western Sussex," though now unhappily a ruin; it has a picturesque and delightful modern house, one's ideal of a great English home, standing on the hillside amid beautiful country; and it has a history so full of details of past times, of the stately ways of Kings and Queens and Knights, that an entire book might very well be filled with it.

Two of the great misfortunes of Cowdray happened, by a strange coincidence, within a few days of each other; the third, which completed their work, came twenty years later.

Southampton's half-brother and successor at Cowdray, Sir Anthony Browne, were descended those eight Viscounts Montague who lived here. After them came the Earl of Egmont, who bought the estate in 1843, and whose nephew, the seventh Earl, built the present house. The seventh Earl died on Sept. 6 of this year, and has been succeeded by his nephew, Augustus Arthur Perceval, who was born in 1856. The new Earl has had a remarkable career. Born in New Zealand, he was educated on board the training-ship *Worcester* at Greenhithe; then shipped before the mast (like Lord Aberdeen's elder brother), and entered the London Fire Brigade in 1881, the year in which he married Miss Hervell, who is understood to have been in the employment of Spiers and Pond. He left the Brigade in 1887, and became keeper of the new Town Hall at Chelsea, after which he was interested in the making of cement.

The predecessor of the present house dates from a time when the days of war had given place to the days of peace, and when the country seats of English noblemen had ceased to be castles, and were planned for magnificence and for comfort, not for defence. "A goodlie house, where we were marvellously, yea, rather excessively bunketed," wrote Edward VI. of it, in a letter to his friend Fitzpatrick.

Its ruins stand just to eastward of Midhurst; on low ground, yet finely placed behind a little stream bordered with tall trees. Seen through these, the western front of the house, a great gate-tower between two broad wings, "stands up and takes the morning" even more splendidly, perhaps, than while it was yet the dwelling-place of men. The towers and walls, and great ivied windows, still erect, fully mark out the quadrangle of the ancient building; it encloses a court forty yards long, now all grass-covered, and opens, to the south, into another quadrangle of farm buildings; these are very old, sombre, and homely, with in their midst a granary, solid-built, raised on four feet some little way from the ground. In the centre of the great quadrangle there was once a graceful fountain; but this, like the rest, has gone.

The great room of the place was the famous Buck Hall, which had "at the upper end a buck standing, carved in brown wood, on the shoulder a shield with the arms of England; under it the arms of Browne, with many quarterings, carved in wood," and "ten other bucks, as large as life, standing, lying, and sitting, some with small banners of arms supported by their feet." And the Buck Hall had a carved roof of great

splendour, said to have been of Irish oak. There were wonderful pictures in Cowdray House, many of them painted by Holbein; and frescoes on the walls, for the most part showing the deeds of Sir Anthony Browne and Lord Southampton when they bore arms in France for Henry VIII.—these also by Holbein, it is said. Certainly the great artist was entertained at Cowdray for some time, and painted several portraits there. But none of the pictures were saved, hardly anything of value, indeed, survived the fire, except some manuscripts which for many years were left to rot in an ancient tower.

The ruins stand in a wide grassy meadow, lying low beside the river; and grass carpets the quadrangle, and ivy covers the walls. Yet the east front has even now an air of solidity that almost makes one forget its decay, and the emptiness within. A beautiful doorway and those great perpendicular windows are almost entire; though through them one has, alas! a full view of the gateway-tower across the unfurnished court. As the sunset glows through one lofty window, embowered in ivy, it has a strange charm of solemn beauty. On the left, a nearer wall stands out beside it, an unbroken mass of ivy; while to the right there rises gaunt a tall bare window, ruined and unshamed.

This is the old house, set in a river-valley, as our ancestors were wont to set their dwelling-places, being unmindful alike of views and of age. The new one stands on a hill, only a few minutes off by the laurel-walk along the larger river, and not greatly further if, driving from Midhurst, you follow the main



THE BACK OF THE HOUSE.

carriage-road to the chief entrance. By this road you will pass, among other woods and parklands, the ancient Lime Walk, down which Lady Montague still wanders in the moonlight: if one may believe a tradition in no way forgotten by the townsfolk and doubtless worthy of credence.

To the left, thus approaching the new house, you leave a splendid avenue of chestnuts; trees of a great age, twenty feet and more in girth, one of them a hundred and ten feet high. But the avenues of Cowdray are the finest that even Sussex has to show; and the trees, new as well as old, are of great fame. There is Queen's Elizabeth's oak, huge and quite hollow, and others of great size; the trees here are for the most part oak and chestnut, lime and beech.

But a little forest of dark-leaved exotics has been, one might almost say, extemporised at the north-western corner of the house; indeed, it is hard to realise how great a share of the building and its surroundings were not in being twenty years ago. There was always on this site the Lodge, to which the family moved after the fire in 1793, and this was added to four times before the days of the present Lord Egmont; but of Cowdray House, as it stands, nine-tenths are actually new. A wood almost surrounded the site, but the middle of this was cut away; and what was a bare field, at the northern foot of the little slope, over which the west front looks, was planted with Wellingtonias, Nordmannias, all manner of polysyllabic foreigners. And all of them, practically, have taken kindly to Sussex soil; a shrubbery of tall pyramidal trees, an avenue of stately evergreens, and a gathering of shrubs of many shapes and sizes round the pretty lake, all date without exception from 1878 and the years that have followed.

The year of the beginning of the new house was 1875; it was built under the supervision of its late owner, and the high tower in its midst was an afterthought purely his own. The style is as irregular as could be wished; but it has variety, and picturesqueness, and plenty of colour. Outside, even—though far more within—there is that look of home which comes perhaps from the fact that an Englishman's house is never by choice his castle; indeed, when his ideal is realised, it is oftener of the nature of a cottage. This certainly it is at Cowdray; a cottage on the largest possible scale, set in a park, with a tower rising above its



ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE.

In September 1793, young Lord Montague—the eighth and last Viscount, and the owner of Cowdray—resolved, with a friend, to go down the falls of Schaffhausen in a boat; a feat which no one had ever dreamed of attempting. The authorities of the place set guards upon the falls to stop the "mad Englishman"; and his valet seized his collar, declaring—in language that reminds one that he lived a hundred years ago—"that he should forget the respect of a servant for the duty of a man." However, Lord Montague sacrificed his collar and pushed off in the boat with Mr. Burdett, his friend. "They got over the first fall in safety, and began to shout and wave their handkerchiefs in token of success; they then pushed down the second fall, by far more dangerous than the first; after this they were no more seen or heard of."

This eighth Viscount was an only son. In 1815 his sister and heiress, who lived at Cowdray with her husband, a Mr. Poyntz, saw with her own eyes the death by drowning of both her sons, at the neighbouring seaside village of Aldwick. Thus died out the male line of this house of Montague.

And by a sad fatality, before the news of the last Viscount's death had reached England, the house of the Montagues in a literal sense—their dwelling-place at Cowdray—was suddenly and entirely burnt. On the night of Sept. 24, 1793, it caught fire, and in six hours nothing but the bare walls were left; the splendid pictures, the frescoes, almost everything that was of value was destroyed. "The glory of this house, with the accumulation of years," says Sir Sibbald David Scott, who has written of its history, "all passed away as a tale that is told, being destroyed in one fatal night by the fury of an inextinguishable fire; and, where festive preparations were in progress on the preceding evening, next morning there was nothing but blackened walls, and dismay, and desolation."

The house that perished thus was built by William Fitzwilliam, Earl of Southampton, in the reign of Henry VIII., who had bought the estate in 1528 of Sir David Owen. Sir David had succeeded to the manor of Midhurst in the right of his wife, Mary de Bohun; and her family were the earliest historical owners of the Park, except an almost legendary Fulco de Mowbray, whose seat it is said to have been six centuries ago. From the Earl of



THE OLD CASTLE OF COWDRAY.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XLII.



COWDRAY PARK, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF EGMONT.

tilled roof, yet in idea an English cottage glorified—a good deal glorified.

The west front, pleasantly set on its little terrace, is perhaps the most picturesque; its long line is broken up with gables which follow and do not resemble each other, tall chimneys and red roofs, a midway turret with the pointed roof of a pigeon-house, and the high tower dominating all. A gable is half-timbered, and the plaster between its woodwork gleams white against the yellowish stone of the wall: with red, yellow, white, and the round Portugal laurels, dark green, in a row at its foot, this western side gleams many-coloured in the setting sun. Seen from between the trees across the little valley with its line of shimmering water, it is as charming a home-stead as any the Sussex Downs can show.

It is the eastern side of the house, however, which is properly the front; and of this the north end, grey and slate-roofed, and lower than the rest, is the Lodge to which the great house added itself. The rest, looking out upon a stretch of splendid park, is in colour much like the west side—with its creamy yellow stone, its high red roof, and the tower above—but it is less varied and broken up. At

the vast hot-air apparatus which fills the north end of the room, are all of the present—luxurious, ingenious, telling of modern art and modern science. And south of the hall is a state of three delightful and nineteenth-century rooms; with, from the innermost, a vista, through its successors, of warm colouring and massed flowers, and at the end cooler glimpse of park and blue sky beyond.

These are the drawing-room, the library, the conservatory; the first with something of an Oriental richness in its cinnamon-brown, and sombre reds, and shadowy yellows, the second of warm yellow and cool grey, the third solid with dark brown wood and light with glass, and glowing with the deep green and creamy white of splendid arums. In drawing-room and in library, as in the great hall, the dining-room and the billiard-room, there are singularly fine chimneypieces, all notable and all different. The onyx chimneypiece of the drawing-room—grey, lucid, shimmering in the subdued light—is indeed unique; and its companion in the neighbouring billiard-room, very old and very fine, with its woods of dark brown and light and carved figures and ornament. It was brought from an old hall in Surrey which belonged to the Earl of Egmont,

who was afterwards Lord Montague. Sir Anthony, the second of his name, was a stalwart and picturesque person. A staunch Catholic, he was high in honour and in confidence with Elizabeth, as his father had been with hers. He was sent as Ambassador to Spain, and to the Duchess of Parma, although he was the only peer except Lord Shrewsbury who voted against the abolition of the Pope's supremacy; and at the time of the Spanish invasion Cowdray House was represented at Tilbury by three generations of its owners—father and sons and grandson riding before the Queen at the head of two hundred horsemen.

In 1591, but a little while before his death, Elizabeth honoured the master of Cowdray with a visit of six days, still the most famous tradition of the place. A lucky chance has preserved the speeches, in the high style of the time, which were addressed to her at various points of the park, by people habited as pilgrims, porters, "wild men clad in ivy," and fishermen. Here is the welcome spoken on the bridge by a personage in armour, standing between two porters carved out of wood, "he resembling the third," holding his club in one hand and a golden key in the other: "As the walls of Thebes were raised by music, so these



COWDRAY PARK: SIDE VIEW FROM THE PRIVATE GARDEN.

the southern corner stands out a charming conservatory, built in dark wood, which belongs, of course, both to the eastern and the southern fronts.

Within the house one cannot but feel that of all periods of domestic architecture, the best for comfort in this climate of ours, and even for richness of colouring, is the Late Victorian in which we have the good fortune to live. The Great Hall at Cowdray—high vaulted, wood-panelled, smelling of sweet flowers, warm and light—is indeed a splendid place. It is fifty feet long, thirty feet wide, sixty feet high; great Perpendicular windows with their heavy mullions fill each end; there is a high panelling of bright brown wood, with yellowish walls above, and the lofty vaulted ceiling is of polished pine. In the centre of the west side is a vast chimneypiece of stone, with the carved arms of the family over it and stags as supporters; and above these is a kind of "squint" or opening from the surrounding corridor, from which, to right and left, windows look into the hall. Everywhere there is armour—complete suits stand, each ready for a tenant, on each side of the chimneypiece, and halberds and swords hang on the walls. There are brasses, too, and armorial bearings, with a row of small family portraits above the panelling; and, in memory of the famous Buck Hall of the older house, the room's chief ornament is the heads of many stags.

Yet while thus there is much in the Great Hall to recall the past of Cowdray, the warm colouring of its furniture, the modern books on its table, the gleaming yellow tiles of

the billiard-room requires a word to itself apart from its fireplace. It is next to the drawing-room, but is entered from a little corridor at the south-west corner of the hall, and is a singular and most pleasant room, on two levels, the upper part being a kind of study, or a kind of dais, or a kind of family pew on the largest scale. Its decoration is quaint and very new, with panelling below, then a dado, and then a series of black and white designs, very telling against the white ceiling. The lower level—really given over to the rigour of the game—has a vaulted ceiling of brown wood, and from the window a delightful glimpse of a corner of the park.

Just across that little corridor is the dining-room, all in wood of the same palish brown as its stone fireplace; a solid, stately chamber, adorned with armorial bearings, brightened by its outlook upon the western slope with its trees and gleaming water. And, to name but one more of the rooms of Cowdray, just on the opposite side of the great hall, next to the conservatory in the eastern front, is a charming boudoir that belonged to Lady Egmont, and has a wall all hung with little masterpieces, for the most part by David Cox. The picture in the place of honour, and perhaps, indeed, the finest of them all, is a sweet sunny afternoon at Worcester.

After one has gone through the annals of this park at Cowdray and of the old house that stands in ruins not far below the present one, the name which is foremost in one's mind is that of Sir Anthony Browne, already mentioned,

are kept from falling. It was a prophecy since the first stone was laid, that these walls should shake, and the roof totter, till the wisest, fairest, and most fortunate of all creatures should, by her first step, make the foundations staid, and by the glance of her eye make the turret steady. I have been porter here many years; many ladies have entered passing amiable, many very wise, but none so happy. These, my fellow porters, thinking there could be none so noble, fell on sleep, and so incurred the second curse of the prophecy, which is never again to awake. Mark how they look! More like posts than porters, retaining only their shapes, but deprived of their senses." And so forth, and so forth, until his own rhapsody, "Oh, miracle of Time! nature's glory! fortune's empress! the world's wonder!" reminds the speaker that he is growing too impassioned for his office; and he brings himself to his peroration with a timely, "Soft! this is the poet's part, and not the porter's."

The stately way of doing things was maintained to the full by Sir Anthony's son, the second Viscount Montague, who left a most curious book of rules for his family and household, still preserved at the Priory at Easebourne. This gives a list of the thirty-seven principal officers and servants living in the house, and provides that they shall attend their lord with never-failing and sufficient ceremony. It should make the most amusing chapter in that history of Cowdray which someone some day must surely write.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: THANA, SWAT VALLEY, WITH CAMP.

From a Sketch by Major Powell.



THE SOUDAN ADVANCE: FUNERAL DANCE AT WADY HALFA.

From a sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Frederic Villiers.

LITERATURE.

TENNYSON: A MEMOIR.

It was Tennyson's wish, as we learn from the preface to *Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir by his Son*, two vols. (Macmillan and Co.), that his son's "notes should be final and full enough to preclude the chance of further and unauthentic biographies." Full they are indeed; it is impossible to be too thankful to the present Lord Tennyson for the literary and intellectual banquet of which he has made us partakers. But they are nearer to the beginning than to the end of the series of Tennysonian biographies; and this for the plain reason that they are notes, and that much remains to be said which the author of the biography could not say with propriety, or which lies beyond his special sphere of information. Two things are fundamentally necessary for a perfect biography: the biographer must possess adequate material, and he must be able to sit in judgment upon the subject of his work. Lord Tennyson's material is ample, but not adequate; not everything worth knowing about Tennyson is to be found in the family archives. The next half-century will witness important increments, as letters, diaries, reminiscences come to light, and as the anecdotes and appreciations now floating about society assume a definite shape in print. The second essential qualification is not and cannot be Lord Tennyson's. A son cannot sit in judgment upon his father unless he is a different sort of son from Lord Tennyson.

Tennyson himself was evidently tormented by the needless fear that too copious a treatment of his biography might lower his character with posterity. Although many traits and incidents respecting which this book is silent must inevitably be known and form the subject of comment, we shall be surprised if he does not eventually stand higher in the respect and affection of the world than even now. There can be no question that he will be greatly the gainer by the present work. Lord Tennyson, indeed, seems to doubt whether his own labours may not be superfluous. "I feel strongly," he says, "that no biographer could so truly give him as he gives himself in his own works." We must profess our entire dissent from this opinion. The Tennyson of the works is not the Tennyson of the life. The former is conspicuously the artist; in the latter the artist is little seen. We should picture the poet as a person most highly gifted, but gentle, nervous, fastidious, not unlike Gray. In the Tennyson of the biography, taken alone, we should hardly discern any surpassing intellectual gifts, but we should recognise a powerful individuality, big and brave and tender as one of Bret Harte's Californian miners; shrewd, caustic, brusque, whimsical; just the sort of person to inspire a Prime Minister with apprehensions that he could never be made a peer, "because he would take his wife-awake into the House of Lords"; but, above all things, manly. In illustration of the contrary impression produced by his poems, it is significant that when one who knew Tennyson only in his writings wished to give him pain, he called him "Miss Alfred." That young lady, it now appears, was six feet tall and athletic in proportion, thought nothing of walking seven thousand feet up a mountain, discoursed to clergymen on the subject of beer, was dusty as to her hair, and smoked infinite tobacco. The causes of this discrepancy, as we believe, were the restraint under which Tennyson placed himself when he wrote verse, and his objection to write anything else, combined with the imperfection of the records of his conversation. The two aspects of his character are, of course, entirely capable of reconciliation, but at present the right point of view is not attainable, and whether we read the life or the poems we are teased by a perception of duality where we know that unity must exist. Fuller information and a more independent biographer will solve the problem. One important reservation must be made. Tennyson's religion and philosophy, as they appear in these volumes, are precisely as they appear expressed in his works. All here is clearness and consistency. It is gratifying to find the idle controversies respecting the identity of the Pilot in "Crossing the Bar" laid to rest by his own simple words: "That Divine and Unseen who is always guiding us."

It is impossible to give within narrow limits any idea of the wealth of a book which has not one dull page. That Emerson was the first to introduce Tennyson to America, and Leigh Hunt the first to introduce him to Carlyle, are but samples of the new and interesting facts which crowd in upon us on every side. Most interesting of all is the correspondence of the Queen and the Laureate, of which it may safely be said that Royalty and Literature have hardly before appeared on such terms of intimacy or in a light so advantageous to both. The interpretation of "Merlin's Gleam," conveyed in the preface, is also a great acquisition. Elsewhere, the volumes are full either of valuable details or of highly quotable observations by or respecting Tennyson. As a critic, Tennyson does not impress us as one gifted with special insight, but as eminently just and sane. In general he and the world agree very well; the most startling

divergence from the ordinary judgment is his depreciation of Keats's blank verse—a strange verdict, considering how closely this is modelled upon Milton's. As sometimes in his works, he is greater here in the moral region than in the intellectual. Nothing can be finer than his sympathy with all great men and his disclaim of all malevolent and belittling aspersions upon them. His defence of Goethe is a memorable instance. With Goethe as the supreme artist he had much in common, and his remarks on his poems evince much discrimination. We should have expected him to have more warmly appreciated Heine's "Buch der Lieder."



ALFRED TENNYSON.

FROM A SKETCH BY EDWARD FITZGERALD MADE AT MIRRORHOUSE, 1835.
From "Alfred, Lord Tennyson: A Memoir by his Son." (Macmillan and Co.)

Sometimes his remarks are pithy, as when he says of Mr. Swinburne, "He is a reed through which all things blow into music"; sometimes droll, as when he compares the little Adonic line at the end of the Sapphic triplet to the curly tail that gives a finish to the pig. Perhaps the two most deeply interesting anecdotes in the book are two testimonies to the inexpressible worth and wide influence of true poetry—Professor Tyndall's account of what Tennyson was to him when a struggling student of science, and the story of President Arthur's tombstone. The President, it seems, had quoted with approval from Tennyson a stanza on the duty of a statesman, which, after his death, his secretary was unable to remember in its entirety. He accordingly wrote to Tennyson, who sent the complete stanza, which was fitly inscribed upon the tomb of that excellent Chief Magistrate. With such testimonies to his beneficent influence upon humble students and great rulers, seed of the future and flower of the present, Tennyson ought to have escaped his least excusable foible—morbidity sensitiveness to anonymous censure. It was not an absolute mania with him as with Rossetti, but we fear it cannot be denied that it lowered his dignity and

entered upon a phase of temporary decline. So it ever is with men of genius: at first stupidly depreciated, then extravagantly extolled at the expense of their peers; then, to redress the balance, disparaged with equal unfairness. At length the oscillating reputation settles into its due position, from which it is not again dislodged. Most of the recent unfriendly criticism of Tennyson appears to us in itself most idle, but it exists, and will augment in virtue of an inevitable law. The scheme of things will tolerate no permanent injustice, and much of the panegyric heaped upon Tennyson has unhappily involved the depreciation of others. Sir Henry Irving gravely assures him that "Thomas à Becket" is a greater play than "King John." Froude thinks that Tennyson "stands and will stand far away by the side of Shakspeare above all other English poets"—a deliverance which should have been consigned to the waste-paper basket, for Tennyson's sake as much as Froude's. It does not appear to us that he stands on quite the same level as the great poets of the early part of the century, or that he is much below them. He has less native force, but almost redeems the deficiency by his superiority as an artist, and he is supremely important as the mirror of the best thought and feeling of his age. None of the many excellent poets who have arisen since can be compared with him, though each may have surpassed him in some particular detail. Dobell sometimes attains the sublime, which Tennyson never does; Morris has far more of the true Arthurian spirit; Swinburne has excelled him in the "tumult of mighty harmonies"; there are beauties in Rossetti beyond the range of Tennyson. But set any of these against the whole man, and he appears the lesser. The only possible competitor is Robert Browning, and we shall grant that Browning is the more extraordinary apparition. While Tennyson's style is mostly individual, much of his matter is derived from others; he borrows and improves, like Milton before him. Browning owes nothing to anyone; his independence and his productiveness combined make him an unparalleled phenomenon. The world will probably have seen many Tennysons before it sees another Browning. But if we are to compare, not the man, but the product, and if form as well as substance is to enter into the estimate, then Tennyson's work is to Browning's as the diamond to the ruby.

RICHARD GARNETT.

STEVENSON'S LAST LEGACY.

Thirty chapters, very full and fat ones, by Stevenson, and six by Mr. Quiller-Couch, go to the making of *St. Ives: Being the Adventures of a French Prisoner in England*, by Robert Louis Stevenson (W. Heinemann), which, for the amount of print in it, might very well have first appeared in two volumes, instead of in one. The story was taken down from Stevenson's dictation by his stepdaughter, Mrs. Strong, at intervals during the year 1893 and during the first nine months of 1894, when he put it aside to take up "Weir of Hermiston." That was about six weeks before his death. The earliest chapters had their birth during a severe illness, when hemorrhage of the lungs at times compelled the undaunted author to use the deaf-and-dumb alphabet to spare his voice. Mrs. Strong knew how the story was to end; and as endings are popular, Mr. Quiller-Couch was commissioned to take the pen that Stevenson might have held. He was brave enough to take it, to face the inevitable comparison in his disfavour and the inevitable allusion to his temerity; yet, at the same time, to do these very grumblers a good turn by performing for Mr. Stevenson the office that, after all, is pretty much the same as that which obscure handiwork has commonly performed for sculptors of renown.

The women of Stevenson are not among his most satisfactory creations. "These would-be ladies of mine," he once confessed to a friend, "they turn to barnmaids in my hands." He always meant to do better before he died; and part of the pathos of his posthumous legacy to readers lies in the fact that Carsty in "Weir of Hermiston" gives us the promise of a fine feminine creation, and that Flora Gilchrist in "St. Ives" comes nearer than he had yet gone to that "not impossible she" of great fiction. It was in Edinburgh Castle, where St. Ives was a French prisoner of war in 1813, that he first saw Flora among the visitors admitted to the prison, which, as Mr. Stevenson shrewdly says, is so like a nursery. She came on a vile day to the Castle—"her hair blew in the wind with changes of colour, her garments moulded her with the accuracy of sculpture." It was love at first sight, and love under difficulties. St. Ives had for a rival,

Chevenix, an officer of the guard, with "ramrod face and frozen body," says St. Ives; "a pair of scissors," says Flora. He had, too, a fellow-prisoner, Goquelat, who takes Flora's name in vain, whom St. Ives challenges in consequence, and whom he slays in a duel fought in prison. The flight of St. Ives from these complications, his visit to England, his return to Scotland, and all the further complications—all these are told in the best Stevensonian manner—the champagne of style. The characters are all alive, the incidents are seen in the act, and the very words of the narrative carry a sense of elation in their sound.



SUMMER-HOUSE IN WHICH "ENOCH ARDEN" WAS WRITTEN.

FIG. 1. A DRAWING BY W. BISCOMBE GARDNER.

From "Alfred, Lord Tennyson: A Memoir by his Son." (Macmillan and Co.)

that of his art. Depression from want of sympathy is so natural to an affectionate heart that it cannot be accounted an infirmity, but Tennyson never wanted the sympathy of his friends; and, with the suffrage of Mill and Venables, he should not have stooped to trouble himself about Jones and Robinson. It is pleasant to find that he not only, as we already knew, retracted his pointless epigram against his honest and, at bottom, friendly and sensible reviewer in *Blackwood*, but wrote a conciliatory letter, printed here for the first time.

It is undeniable that a reaction against Tennyson is setting in, and that most probably his fame has already

ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE.

From Drawings by Mr. Edward Roper.



BURRARD INLET AND INDIAN VILLAGE.

Burrard Inlet, British Columbia, the harbour of Vancouver and terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is the spot at which the rail-road journey across Canada ends and whence all must embark for the voyage up the beautiful British Columbian coast to Seagway, at the head of the Lynn Canal, there to begin the journey across the White Pass to the Lewes and Yukon rivers. The wonderful Vancouver city lies along the shores of this beautiful harbour, which is alive with traffic, from the huge China mail steamers to the humble Si-Wash canoe. Many sawmills and immense factories are upon this



THE SI-WASH ROCK, THE NARROWS, ENTRANCE TO BURRARD INLET.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TERMINUS.

inlet. The scenery around is exceedingly fine, as our illustration shows. Si-Wash Rock is a rather celebrated landmark. It is held in some sort of reverence by the Indians.

Our other illustration depicts a typical mid-day in November, at the head of Lake La Barge. Here, in winter, at high noon, there is little more than twilight. It is much more like night than day, especially when the moon is full. Everything is then frozen solid, eighty degrees of frost are frequently experienced, and the only way, as yet, of travelling is as shown.



MID-DAY IN NOVEMBER, AT THE HEAD OF LAKE LA BARGE.



THE SOUDAN ADVANCE.—ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION OF THE SIRDAR'S FORCE AS IT APPROACHED BERBER: WOMEN DANCING AND SINGING ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Frederic Villiers.

CURIOS FROM BENIN.

The city of Benin has proved a mine of ethnographical treasure, quite eclipsing in this respect the more familiar capital of Ashanti. The number and excellence of the carved ivory tusks and castings in bronze or brass which have already reached this country have taken experts completely by surprise. The accompanying illustrations represent a few specimens belonging to the latter category.



1. EUROPEAN WITH MATCHLOCK.

They are bronze or brass plaques with figures in relief, selected from a collection of about three hundred now exhibited, by the courtesy of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, in the British Museum, whence it is hoped that the greater part will never be removed. For what purpose these plaques were used we have at present no accurate information, but the holes at the corners suggest that they were nailed against the walls of a house or temple. They nearly all show signs of having been buried in the earth; and it seems that they were not, like the ivory tusks, actually seen placed in the positions for which they were designed. The high relief and extreme elaboration of the figures make it clear that the process adopted in their manufacture can only have been that known as the *cire perdue*, a process generally necessitating the destruction of the mould after use upon a single occasion. The briefest of summaries of this method may not here be out of place. A model is first

and a tree, which appears to be the Palmyra palm, with its fruit depending from it. The first and largest of these classes is the most interesting from almost every point of view, but more especially because the artists have not entirely confined themselves to the representation of their own countrymen. A glance at Nos. 1, 3, and 5 will at once suggest the non-African origin of their subjects. The figure in No. 1 has a matchlock in his hand, and appears to be wearing a kind of ruff. It seems incontestable that he is a European of the sixteenth century. Nos. 3 and 5 present us with a variant on this type. The full-bearded faces are certainly not those of negroes, while the noses are of the pronounced aquiline contour usually associated with the Semitic race. It is not necessary, however, to seek their prototypes in Asia; for even if Semites had a monopoly of



3. HEADS OF EUROPEAN TYPE.

the hooked nose, the fact that the features of No. 1 are modelled in a very similar way should make us cautious in emitting any theory of an Asiatic origin. Opinions on a subject requiring so much further elucidation are naturally subject to revision; but there seems nothing inherently improbable in the guess that Nos. 3 and 5 represent Europeans of rather earlier date than No. 1. Antonio Galvano tells us that the kingdom of Benin was discovered by one Sequeira about 1472; and that about 1485 "one John Alonso d'Aueiro came from the kingdom of Benin, and brought home pepper with a tale: which was the first of that kinde scene in Portugal."

In the long period of commerce and adventure which ensued, European fashions changed more than once. In this connection it is interesting to remark that another plaque in the collection wears a kind of hood with a Vandyked edge, which, as Mr. C. H. Read has pointed

for a call. This kind of theme has several parallels. In No. 2 we see two native executioners, each bearing the axe of their office, and wearing on their breasts the bell which announced the doom of their victims. In the Ethnographical Gallery at the British Museum may be seen a dress faced with red cloth and fringed with long pendants, terminating in little bells, which may well be the kind of garment from which those worn by these cast figures were modelled. In the same place may be seen the originals of the bell which is



5. FIGURE OF A EUROPEAN.

so constantly seen worn round the neck, and of the curious horned box which is sometimes held in the hands. The three persons in No. 4 are more enigmatical. The two lateral figures may be attendants, supporting the arms of a central princely or divine personage. There are other analogous groups in the series, in which the lateral figures are kneeling, while the central figure is seated on a stool. In other casts, again, the arms of a central figure are similarly supported, while he holds in his hands knives or other objects not easy to determine, for in most cases they have, unfortunately, been broken off.

Much might be written about these interesting objects. They abound in illustration of native costumes, weapons, musical instruments, and, in a less degree, of African fauna and flora. And yet they only represent one style of the castings which have reached us from Benin, for the more life-like figures in the round are not represented among them. The portraits of Europeans give us some idea



2. NATIVE EXECUTIONERS.

made in wax. This is then covered with a coating of finely levigated clay. A hole is now made in the clay, and heat is applied in order that the wax may run out. Into the clay mould thus formed the molten metal is poured. From such facts alone some idea may be formed of the artistic and mechanical skill possessed by the unknown artificers to whom these remarkable casts are due.

The subjects represented may be roughly divided into three classes. The first consists of human figures and principally those of native chiefs, warriors, or musicians, either singly or in groups. The second draws its inspiration from the animal world, leopards, crocodiles, serpents, and fish being especially conspicuous. The third embraces such inanimate objects as armlets, knives, a leopard's skin,



4. FIGURES SUPPOSED TO REPRESENT A NATIVE CHIEF AND HIS ATTENDANTS.

out, had almost, if not quite, gone out of fashion in the sixteenth century.

The remaining illustrations have not quite the same high interest for us as those already mentioned. No. 6 represents leopards tearing the body of what may be meant



6. LEOPARDS DEVOURING A SLAIN ANIMAL.

as to date; possibly a chemical analysis of the material out of which they are cast might furnish us with further evidence. For if they are brass, a knowledge of the date when brass was first exported to West Africa might have an important bearing on the question. Whatever may be the origin of some of their peculiarities of style or ornament—and these are both various and remarkable—it seems unlikely that a hoar antiquity can be ascribed to the bronzes themselves. But whether they are the work of negroes or of some wandering tribe of alien craftsmen, with whom casting was a hereditary occupation, they are certainly the most interesting works of art which have ever left the western shores of the Dark Continent.

LADIES' PAGE.

DRESS.

At the moment there are three things which the well-dressed woman must do. She must wear a brooch in her back hair to keep it tidily aloft and aloof from her coat-collar. She must also dangle a gold latchkey from bangle or neck-chain, but preferably the latter; and finally, a velvet redingote must inevitably figure among her possessions, with trimmings, or, as the Americans put



A NEW EVENING GOWN.

it sweetly, "fixin's" of sable or ermine. Of the first two it may be advanced that they are mere fripperies and jewellery, not dress. But the argument would not carry weight, for to achieve smartness—that indefinable but well-admitted quantity—one must be finished at all points; not only the boots and gloves of a former generation, but the subtle, indefinite somethings which go to make up a well-turned-out altogether nowadays.

I was in Paris last week, and every woman, to a man—may I be forgiven the paradox?—was wearing a brooch in her back hair. Here, so far, I see them but intermittently. The golden latchkey, be it freely admitted, is of the town towny, and only obtains among the best set. But it will popularise itself. As for redingotes, they are lovely garments, and the woman who is not elevated to better, if not actually good, looks by one should immediately take the veil. The redingote, as used this season, to be very explanatory, is a long coat of velvet or brocade, quite covering the dress—made loose *à la* moujik in the bodice, girdled at the waist with a jewelled ceinture, spreading amply towards the hem, and bordered with a narrow edge of costly fur. It is the most becoming and stately of all garments, and has the further recommendation of being impossible to the masses. When in gay Lutetia the other day I saw a dozen redingotes, made for as many royal ladies of various dynasties, but the most endearing of all was an emerald velvet, superbly bordered in ermine. I do not say that it would have suited the exigencies of a muddy afternoon in Bond Street, but it was not the less charming for that.

Fur is so prominently to the front this season that those who rejoice in acquired or inherited treasures of that ilk may at once commit themselves to first-rate furriers who will adapt to present fashions the perhaps *démoldé* shapes of mink, fox, or sable. Whole bodices of fur will be worn, and entire fronts of the same, not to mention revers, lapels, "storm" collars, and borderings without end.

Muffs, on the other hand, show an inclination towards velvet, with knots of lace and edgings of fur instead of the good old-fashioned entirety to which we harked back of late years. Even petticoats will partake of the furry fever, and one just made for an acutely fashionable American is of pink satin with alternating flounces of this stuff and lace, all of which are bordered with marten tail.

To the hysterical devotion of Paris for everything Muscovite we are indebted at the present juncture for the almost universal moujik jacket. Though never making for grace in its original intention, as those who have been in the "Little Father's" dominions can testify, still the Russian blouse has been adapted to slim figures with infinite results. In Paris the women are not too slender, and though they wear it well—as they wear everything—the moujik does not suit them as it does our slim and

Saxon selves. But it is a difficult garment to acquit, and needs a dressmaker of strength in her art. Deplorable are some of the results—or should one call them wild efforts?—which figure here and there in our streets, and women who cannot command a modiste, worthily so called, should emphatically leave the moujik alone.

Now, as to frocks, one may summarise the new skirts in remarking that the last cry of Paris tends towards plainness at the back, and that newest skirts are hung gathered instead of pleated. While very tight at the hips, skirts still spread outwards at the hem, although three yards and three-quarters around have ousted from popular fancy the more opulent five yards of last season. A particularly good example of the up-to-date outdoor dress appears in one of our sketches, where several of Fashion's first favourites are brought together to make a charming whole. To begin with, velvet is the material, and the Russian blouse-bodice is presented in glorified form, held in at the waist by one of the jewelled belts which must be in the possession of every self-respecting woman, and further finished with an appliqué and lapels of satin in some contrasting colour. The hat is of velvet, also with two of the restored-to-favour ostrich feathers curving round the brim, which is raised to the required acute angle by a diamond-centred rosette.

The second illustration denotes the possibilities of an evening gown of orange satin and chiffon, where embroideries of jet and steel are introduced into the bodice, and the deftly tied waistband is in the black velvet, which has a pleasing knack of taking an apparent inch or two from the waist measurement of those who are wise enough to affect it.

The knickerbocker of common sense which we still wear underneath our skirts in this conservative climate is furthermore being promoted to evening wear in silk and satin of variously dainty shades. Flounces edged with lace surround its admittedly voluminous proportions, and, in fact, these pale-coloured silk and satin knickerbockers are very much on the lines of the Turkish trousers which our sisters of the harem have worn so ethereally for centuries—one more proof that there is nothing new under the sun, not even glorified divided skirts.

The bolero to which we so long and affectionately subscribed has quite died the death, and, as a natural consequence, so has the high-draped waistband. Instead of this defunct thushness we see corsages on all sides slightly bloused, with full fronts, and short basques confined at the waist with more or less elaborately jewelled belts according to the wearer's fancy and finances. Many of these new bodices have the material cut away at the top over a square or circular yoke, and some of the prettiest are made with quite narrow vests, opening from neck to waist over fronts of lace, tucked silk, or fur. Sleeves continue featureless, to apply Stock Exchange jargon to fashion. They are mostly straight, with slight pullings or drapery at the shoulders, and there it ends. I hope we shall not revert to quite tight sleeves, but fear it. The female form divine needs a little elucidation about the shoulders and waist, as the ancients doubtless had discovered for themselves when inventing balloon sleeves and what to them represented bustles. Of course in a Greek and Roman climate one would naturally drape; but in cold Gaul or Britain and a consequently less loose outline, emendations would naturally suggest themselves. For we may be very charming without the aid of art, but are we less so with it? SYBIL.

NOTES.

There has always been some doubt as to whether married women who are ratepayers in their own names have a right to vote at School Board elections. The point has been definitely raised in regard to municipal elections; and, so far as the decision of a Court of first instance settles legal matters, it has been settled that a woman ratepayer is disqualified by the fact of marriage from exercising her vote for Town Councillors—even though she may go on occupying the business house for which she voted before her marriage, and for which she continues to pay her town's exactions just as she did whilst single. The point was raised in 1872, in connection with an election at Sunderland. A rejected candidate had lost by just one vote, and two of his opponent's voters were known to be married women. One had long been married; the other had got married a short time before the election, and her name had been placed on the register whilst she was still single. The Court of Queen's Bench held that "at common law, a married woman has no right to vote, and the Legislature by enactments on the subject of married women's property never intended to alter the whole law on the subject." This was before the "Married Woman's Property Act" of 1882, which is far stronger in the independence it allows to wives than the one of 1870; but the matter has never been challenged since the above case was decided, and that, therefore, is held to settle the law at present.

Obviously, the abstract principle on which the Court gave the above decision applies to the School Board elections as well as to municipal ones. On the other hand, married women ratepayers are generally given their School Board ballot-papers when their names are on the register and no question is raised. It appears from the instructions to Returning officers just issued for the forthcoming London School Board elections by the Lords of the Council, that a Returning officer who asks a lady whose name is on the rate-book as the ratepayer of any house whether she is married or single is transgressing his instructions. As if with a special view to this question, the instructions say definitely: "The presiding officer, if required by two electors, may put to a voter the following questions, and no other: 'Are you the ratepayer whose name appears as A B in respect of the property described as . . . in the rate-book containing the rate made on . . . the . . . day of . . . ? Have you already voted at the present election?'" It is, therefore, clear that if any Returning officer should ask a lady whether she is a married woman or a widow, he is going outside his duty, and the ratepayer can refuse to answer.

At the recent Church Congress Canon Ingram, addressing a special meeting for women, caused some amusement by advising that a husband and wife should take at least a fortnight's holiday apart from each other every year; he believed that it would conduce greatly to conjugal happiness. Well, circumstances alter cases! There are some very busy, hard-working men whose company is quite a pleasant rarity to their wives. Now, with the clergy it may well be that the couple would be rested by a separation, for the work of the Vicar and his wife is too much in the same groove for them to entertain one another. But to the man who is working, as Mr. Lipton told an interviewer he did in the beginning of his career, "twenty-five hours in every twenty-four," or to the active public-spirited man who attends to his own business all day and goes off to some committee meeting, or board meeting, or speechifying nearly every night—to such as he, the exclusive companionship of his wife for a fortnight may well be the greatest novelty available. What I beg for married women in the matter of an annual holiday is absence from the children and the household cares. To so many of us the annual holiday means merely taking our burden of domestic business and responsibility on our back, to conduct it just as we do all the year round, without the least rest, but in the less agreeable conditions of a lodging or hired house instead of at home.

Sea-bathing, health-giving as it is to most persons young enough, and yet not too young, to "re-act" after it, is not in every case wholly beneficial. We are all aware that if we feel a prolonged chill after bathing it is not of any real use to us. But now here comes Mr. Abbott with a new warning as to possible danger. He says that he found that he saw more cases of recent deafness, caused by inflammation of the ear passages, during July, August, and September, than in any other six months of the year; and in almost all the cases the patients had recently been at the seaside and indulging in bathing. Dr. Abbott found reason to believe that the cause of the deafness was nothing else than getting the sea-water forced into the ears by "ducking" the head, and leaving moisture to evaporate, causing chill in the passages and consequent inflammation and deafness. He adds that the same result may follow from dipping the head into a basin of water at home, and also from the practice that some mothers and nurses have of cleaning out a child's ears as far in the passage as they can reach with a damp end of the towel. His suggested preventive measure for use in sea-bathing is so simple that it may well be followed—merely to stop up the ears before bathing with a small plug of wool moistened with oil or glycerine.

Mrs. Fawcett, delivering the opening address at Bedford College for Women, expressed herself as not at all discouraged by the recent riots at Cambridge against giving degrees to women who pass the examinations; she referred to the "Lord George Gordon riots" against Catholic emancipation as a proof that mob prejudices and explosions



A NEW OUTDOOR DRESS.

of fury did not prevent the ultimate triumph of a good cause. She objected to the proposal to found a special woman's University, as being "not only unnecessary, but mischievous," for as there are now no fewer than nine Universities in the kingdom which open all their degrees to women, a special one would only involve waste of means and energy.

The experienced Secretary of the Society for the Employment of Women gives it as her judgment that the most unserviceable study for the purpose of wage-earning at present is that of music, the market for teachers and accompanists being glutted. F. F. M.



My friends know well my name is BROOKE, but yet on every hand,
In sportive familiarity, I'm called: "OLD MONKEY BRAND!"
And when they see me advertise, in various change of pose,
They smile as they remember that I **WON'T WASH CLOTHES!**

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

BROOKE'S

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

MONKEY BRAND

SOAP

FOR MAKING BICYCLES LOOK LIKE NEW.

For Polishing Metals, Marble, Paint, Cutlery, Crockery, Machinery, Baths, Stair-Rods.

FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE-IRONS, MANTELS, &c.

REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

R. BELL (Chelmsford).—As the capture of a Pawn *en passant* must be immediately after the advance of the opposite Pawn, it is incumbent on you to show that such was Black's last move. In neither of your past ones can this be done, and therefore they are not legitimate problems.

W. J. M. (Burlington).—Problem shall be examined, but publication is the only reward of merit.

H. CROOK (Camberwell).—You must not take your cue from a "Bishop of the Church of England" in matters of chess. There is a simple mate in two moves by 1. B takes P (ch). We presume this is not yours.

A. C. CHALLISER.—We are much obliged for the new position, and have no scruples about the first move. A correspondent like yourself never wastes our time.

C. W. (Sunbury). Most pleased to hear from you again.

T. E. LAURENT (Bombay).—Problems to hand.

CHEVALIER DESANDERS.—It is not forgotten.

GENERAL SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 2784 and 2785 received from Thomas L. Laurent (Bombay); of No. 2788 from C. M. A. B. Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), Emile Frau (Lyons), R. Johnston (Swindon), and the Chess Department of the Reading Society (Cork); of No. 2789 from Edward J. Sharpe, Emile Frau (Lyons), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), T. Isaac, Miss Isaac (Malden), Montague Lubbock, C. M. A. B. W. S. B. (Sunbury-on-Thames), C. E. H. (Clifton), Captain J. A. Challie (Great Yarmouth), and T. Wetherall (Manchester).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2790 received from Shadforth, W. R. B. (Clifton), "Blue," Edward J. Sharpe, C. E. H. (Clifton), Alpha, Miss D. Gerson (Manchester), H. D'O. Bernard, G. Hawkins (Camberwell), C. E. M. (Ald), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), R. Worters (Canterbury), E. L. Smith, Sorrento, T. Batty (Colchester), C. E. Perugini, Eland (Hackney), J. Bailey (Newark), T. Roberts, Frank Morrison, Joseph Wilcock (Glaston), Thomas Manley (Cardiff), and W. A. Barnard (Uppingham).

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the Berlin Tourney between Messrs. WALBRODT and CHARLOTTE.

(By Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	22. R to Q 3rd	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	23. B to K 5th	Q to K 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	24. Q takes Q (ch)	P takes Q
4. Kt to B 3rd	R to Kt 5th	25. R to K 3rd	P to K 3rd
5. Castles	Castles	26. P to Q 4th	P to R 4th
6. Kt to Q 5th	Kt takes Kt	27. P takes R P	P takes B P
7. P takes Kt	P to K 5th	28. P takes P	B takes P
8. P takes P	P takes Kt		
9. B to K 2nd			
10. B takes P			
There is not much to be said now except that this variation of the Lopez makes just about an even game.			
11. P to Q 4th	P to K B 4th	29. R to R 4th	K R to Q 2nd
12. Q to Q 3rd	B to Q 3rd	30. R to Q R 4th	B takes P
13. P to K R 3rd	Q to R 3rd	31. R takes P	R to Q 4th
14. P to B 4th	P to B 4th	32. R to Q B sq	R takes Q R
15. P to B 5th	B to R 4th	33. R takes R	B to K 6th
		34. R to B sq	P to K 5th
		35. B takes P	R to Q 7th
		36. P to Q R 4th	R to Q 7th
		37. B to K 6th	R to Q 7th
		38. P to R 7th	R takes P
		39. P to R 4th	K to B 2nd
		40. B to Q 4th	R to R 3rd
		41. R to R sq	R to R 4th
		42. B to Kt 6th	Resigns.
The finish is really very nice, and comes as a surprise. The win at this point is easy; for if R takes R, Pawn Queens, or if B takes R, R takes B, and wins.			

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2783.—By C. D.

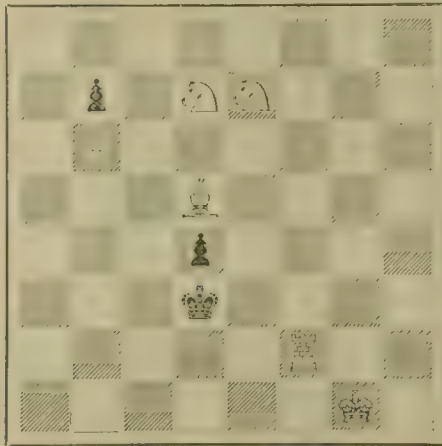
WHITE.
1. R to Kt sq
2. R to K Kt sq
3. R Mates.

BLACK.
B takes B
B moves

If Black play 1. B to K 5th, then 2. R to K R sq, etc.

PROBLEM No. 2792.—By T. W. ANDREW.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

The Berlin Tournament ended exactly as we anticipated last week, and Mr. Charousek scored his first complete success in international play. His performance last year at Budapest fully prepared chess players for his present position, which was won by steady merit and unflinching pluck. The fact that in his last game he had to defeat Mr. Teichgraber to take the premier place was in itself sufficient proof of his grit, and shows how well earned was his victory. Mr. Walbrodt came second as the result of a highly scientific and steady method, while Mr. Blackburne, handicapped by his years, was third, with an exhibition that alternately delighted and depressed his compatriots. The question of withdrawals assumed an unpleasant prominence in the course of the Congress, and can only be satisfactorily solved in future meetings by cancelling all games scored by or against absentee players.

The City of London Chess Club has arranged a very attractive programme for the coming season, in which both the number of prizes has been increased and their value largely augmented. A new feature will be the separation of the championship and handicap tournaments, although players may enter for both. The winner of the championship tournament will, in addition to holding the Gesteau Cup and title of champion for the year, become the possessor of the championship medal and a money prize of fifteen guineas. The second, third, and fourth prizes will be ten, five, and two guineas respectively. In the handicap tournament the winner will hold the Munton Cup for the year, and receive a money prize of eight guineas. The other prizes will be six guineas, five guineas, and nine other prizes down to one guinea. Altogether, over 260 of prizes will be offered. Entries close for either tournament on Oct. 13. The hon. secretary will be pleased to answer any inquiries that may be addressed to him at the City of London Chess Club, 19, Nicholas Lane, Cannon Street, E.C.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 21, 1896) of Mr. Barnett Isaacs Barnato, late of Johannesburg, in the South African Republic, who died on June 14, was proved on Oct. 4 by Woolf Joel, the nephew and acting executor. The value of the personal estate amounts to £963,865; but it does not appear that this sum includes the deceased's property in South Africa or situate elsewhere out of the United Kingdom, and it is doubtful whether such property is liable to pay estate duty in this country unless it is realised and brought here for administration. The testator gives any freehold or leasehold messuages which he may occupy as a home or homes, all his household furniture, linen, plate, jewellery, silver, wines, trinkets, ornaments and other household articles, horses and carriages, his policies of life assurance, £5000, and an annuity of £10,000, to his wife, Mrs. Fanny Barnato; £250,000 each, upon trust, for his three children, Leah Primrose Barnato, Isaac Henry Woolf Barnato, and Joel Woolf Barnato; and £250 per annum is to be paid to his wife as a provision for each of his children, in respect of his sons until they attain twenty-one, and in respect of his daughter until she attains that age or marries; and there is a further legacy of £25,000 to his said daughter upon her marriage with the consent of her mother. He also bequeaths £25,000 to his niece Lillie Isaacs Barnato; £1000 each to his nephews and nieces, the children of his sisters, Elizabeth Nathan and Sarah Rantzen; £1000 per annum each to his nephews, Isaac Joel and Solomon Joel; £500 per annum to his sister Elizabeth Nathan, and £1000 per annum, for life, to her husband, Isidore Nathan, if he survives her; £500 per annum to his sister Sarah Rantzen, and £1000 per annum, for life, to her husband, Isaac Abraham Rantzen, if he survives her; and an annuity of £500 to his sister Kate Joel. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother, Henry Isaacs Barnato, and his nephew Woolf Joel, jointly.

The will (dated Feb. 4, 1889), with a codicil (dated June 30, 1896), of Mr. James Houldsworth, J.P., D.L., late of Coltness Wishaw, in the county of Lanark, and of 36, Queen's Gate, Kensington, who died on Sept. 8, was proved on Sept. 30 by Mrs. Katharine Jane Houldsworth, the widow, James Hamilton Houldsworth, the son, Walter James Houldsworth, the brother, the Rev. Henry Walter McGrath, Sir Christopher Robert Lighton, Bart., and Captain Ernest Frederic Sullivan, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £781 9s. 10d. The testator bequeaths £4000, one moiety whereof is to be distributed for charitable purposes in England or Ireland, and the other moiety for charitable purposes in Scotland; £22,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life, or until she shall marry again, and then for their children or remoter issue as she shall appoint; £25,000, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children or remoter issue as she shall appoint; £30,000, upon trust, for his daughter, Leah Katharine Houldsworth; £12,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Florence Mary Sullivan; £6000, upon trust, for his daughter Lady Helen Frances Lighton; one hundred preference shares of £50 each in the Coltness Ironworks to his wife; sixty similar shares in the

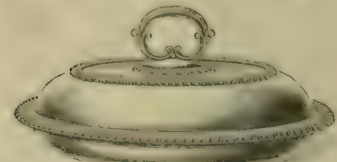
Mappin & Webb's

PRINCE'S PLATE (Regd.) 71,552

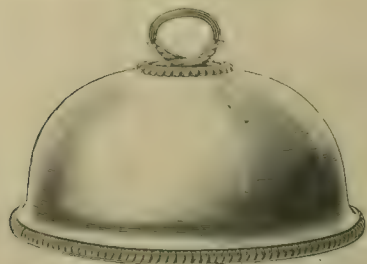
Guaranteed to retain its Splendid Appearance and Wear like Silver for 25 Years.



Full-Size Breakfast-Dish, with Hot Water Part and Handsome Gadroon Mounts. In Prince's Plate, 24 10s.



Full-Size Entrée-Dish, with Handsome Gadroon Mounts. In Prince's Plate, 24.



Dish-Cover, with Handsome Gadroon Mounts. In Prince's Plate.
12-inch ... £2 15 0 | 14-inch ... £3 3 6
10-inch ... £3 0 0 | 16-inch ... £4 0 0



Queen Anne style, Fluted Tea and Coffee Service, with Ebony Handles and Knobs.

	Prince's Plate.	Sterling Silver.		Prince's Plate.	Sterling Silver.
24-pint Coffee-Pot	£3 15 0	£7 10 0	Tea and Coffee Service	£12 0 0	£21 0 0
2-pint Tea-pot	£3 5 0	£6 10 0	2-pint Kettle	£4 0 0	£7 0 0
Sugar-Basin	£2 5 0	£4 0 0	Stand	£5 10 0	£15 0 0
Cream-Jug	£2 5 0	£3 0 0	24-inch Tea-Tray	£8 8 0	£25 0 0



Muffin Dish, in Prince's Plate, with Hot Water Part, 21 10s. In Sterling Silver, 29.

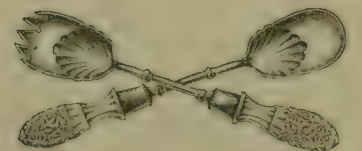


Vegetable-Dish and Drainer, with 8 Divisions. Gadroon Mounts. In Prince's Plate, 25.



Revolving Soup-Tureen, with Fluted Cover. In Prince's Plate, 26 6s.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS
POST FREE.



Richly Cut Glass Salad-Bowl. With Prince's Plate Mounts ... £2 2 0
With Sterling Silver Mounts ... £3 3 0

Servers to Match—
Prince's Plate, £1 5 0 | Sterling Silver, £2 0 0

ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES:

2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.; & 158 TO 162, OXFORD ST., W.
(FACING THE MANSION HOUSE) MANUFACTORY AND SHOW-ROOMS: THE ROYAL WORKS, NORFOLK ST., SHEFFIELD.



THE TYPHOID EPIDEMIC. MAIDSTONE FROM THE MEDWAY.

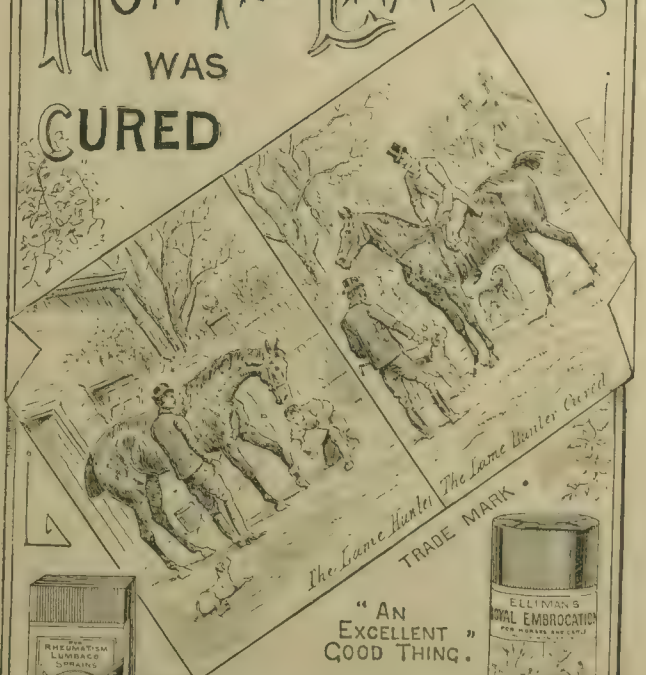
The Hit of the
Century!



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT Tobacco. Sold only in 1 oz. Packets and 2, 4, 8 oz. and 1 lb. Tins, which keep the Tobacco in fine smoking condition.

Ask for **PLAYER'S** at all Tobacco Sellers, Stores, &c., and don't be put off with any other. The Genuine bears the Trade Mark, "Nottingham Castle," on every Packet and Tin.

HOW THE LAMENESS
WAS
CURED



"AN
EXCELLENT
GOOD THING."

**ELLIMAN'S
EMBROCATION**



same company each, upon trust, for his three daughters; and legacies to relatives, indoor and outdoor servants, and others. There are some specific gifts to children, and of jewellery, and of the furniture, and the horses and carriages at Queen's Gate to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his son, James Hamilton Houldsworth.

The will (dated Nov. 25, 1895) of Mr. John Burder Squire Somers, of 39, Belsize Park, Hampstead, who died on Aug. 14 at the Manor House, Putborough, Devon, was proved on Sept. 30 by John Percy Somers, the son, and William Michael Spence, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £167,691. Subject to a legacy of £210 to William Michael Spence, the testator leaves all his real and personal estate to his children as tenants in common.

The will (dated Sept. 12, 1895), with a codicil (dated July 14, 1897), of Mrs. Frances Fawcett, widow, of 70, Westbourne Terrace, who died on Aug. 25, was proved on Sept. 22 by Edward Carrier Smith Tompison, the son-in-law, Miss Emily Slater, the sister, and Frederic Mildred, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £121,041. The testatrix bequeaths £2500 each to her unmarried daughters; £100 each to her children; £50 each to Emily Addis Fawcett, Edward Carrier Smith Tompison, and Frederic Mildred; an annuity of £30 to her attendant, Mary Warriman; anything to the value of £100 she may select to her sister, Miss Slater; and specific gifts of household furniture, etc., to her children. The residue of

her real and personal estate she leaves in equal shares between all her children, the portion of her son Arthur to be held, upon trust, for him, for life, and then to his children.

The will (dated June 26, 1896), with a codicil (dated June 2, 1897), of Mr. John Court, of The Chestnuts, Tunbridge Wells, who died on July 23, was proved on Sept. 24 by Mrs. Adeline Clara Court, the widow, Charles Kenward Court, the son, and Edmund Burke Harris, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £133,403. The testator gives £500, his watches and jewels, and his leasehold house to his wife, and during her widowhood she is to have the use of his household furniture and effects and the income of a sum of £47,466 (railway securities), and £200 to Edmund Burke Harris. The residue of his property he leaves between his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1895) of Mr. Alfred Sutton, J.P., of Messrs. Sutton and Sons, Reading, seed-growers, who died on Aug. 7, was proved on Oct. 5 by John Sutton and Herbert Sutton, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £114,388. The testator bequeaths £1000, his furniture and household effects, and the use and enjoyment of his freehold premises at Reading, to his wife, Mrs. Helen Sutton, and she is to receive the income of his residuary estate during her life. At her death he gives £10,000 to his son Hugh Reginald Sutton; £7000 each to his sons John Sutton, Samuel Walter Sutton, Francis William Sutton, Edwin Sutton, and Henry Martyn Sutton; and £12,000 Consols and

£6000 Local Loan Stock each to his daughters, Alice Rachel, Ellen, and Edith Mary. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said six sons in equal shares. He states that he has made no provision by his will for his son Hubert Sutton, as he will succeed to the partnership business.

The will (dated Dec. 13, 1893), with a codicil (dated June 12, 1895), of Mr. Andrew Hamilton Tyndall Bruce, J.P., D.L., of Brambridge House, Bishopstoke, who died on April 29, was proved on Oct. 2 by Robert Thomas Hamilton Bruce, the brother, and George Davey Stibbard, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £48,260. The testator gives all his family pictures, plate, with the Bruce crest and his guns and fishing-rods, to his brother; £100 to George Davey Stibbard; and £10,000 and his furniture and household effects to Mrs. Georgiana Florence Rogers, and she is also to have the income of another £10,000 during her life, and at her death the capital sum is to be divided between her children. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother, Robert Thomas Hamilton Bruce.

The will (dated April 7, 1893), with two codicils (dated Jan. 23, 1894, and March 9, 1897), of Sir George Samuel Brooke Pechell, Bart., of Alton House, Alton, Colonel of the Hants Volunteers, who died on July 8, was proved on Oct. 4 by Horace James Pechell and Mortimer George Pechell, the sons, and Alexander Francis Mackenzie Downie, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £43,680. The testator gives £100 to his daughter,

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

 Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, and Influenza; Cure any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat.

Relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption; Relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh.

Clear and give Strength to the Voice of SINGERS, and are Indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Soothing and Simple, CHILDREN can use them, as they assist Expectoration and relieve Hoarseness.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

PUBLIC SPEAKERS and SINGERS can use "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," or Cough and Voice Lozenges, as freely as requisite—containing **no Opium, nor anything that can Injure the System.** They are invaluable in allaying the hoarseness and irritation incident to vocal exertion, and also a powerful auxiliary in the production of melodious enunciation, **effectually clearing and strengthening the voice.**

"Messrs. John I. Brown and Sons, Boston.

"Gentlemen,—For sudden affections of the Bronchial Organs, I use, and most cheerfully recommend, 'Brown's Troches.' They are regarded as most eligible, convenient, and indispensable by numerous artists of my acquaintance, BOTH IN EUROPE AND AMERICA. They seem to act specially on the organs of the voice, and produce a clear enunciation.—Yours truly,

"MARIE ROZE MAPLESON."

Ask for and obtain only "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," which, after forty-seven years' experience, have proved their value, having received the sanction of Physicians generally, and testimonials from eminent men throughout the country.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND CHEMISTS AT 1s. 1½d. PER BOX.

— SMOKE THE CELEBRATED —

'PIONEER' SWEETENED TOBACCO.

KNOWN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

MANUFACTURED BY THE **RICHMOND CAVENDISH CO. LTD.** AT THEIR BONDED WORKS, LIVERPOOL.

Sold by all First-Class Tobacconists at Home and Abroad.

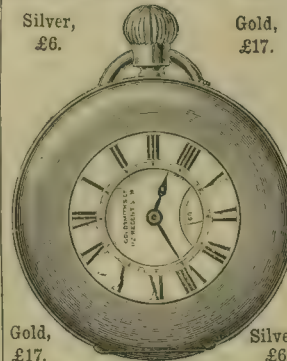
1 and 2 oz. Packets, and $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, and 1 lb. Tins.

THE MANUFACTURING

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY,

Silver, £6. Gold, £17.

112, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.



Gold, £17. Silver, £6.

GENTLEMAN'S GOLD ENGLISH KEYLESS WATCH.

THE COMPANY have greatly extended their Watch Department, and have now on view an exceptionally fine assortment of high-class Gold and Silver Watches at prices 25 per cent. below those usually charged by other houses for similar goods.

The Department is under the charge of a thoroughly competent, practical man, who will at all times be happy to give advice and assistance in the selection or repairing of Watches.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free. Selections forwarded on approval.

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT ST., LONDON, W. (Adjoining Stereoscopic Co.)



THE "SAN REMO" BABY CAR.

HITCHING'S BABY STORES

The Premier Manufacturers of High Grade BABY CARRIAGES in the World, have extensive Show-Rooms at

198, OXFORD STREET, London. W. (PETER ROBINSON'S.)

23, 21, and 19, LUDGATE HILL, London, E.C.

28, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W. (ST. GEORGE'S PLACE, NEAR HYDE PARK CORNER.)

THIS elegant Baby Car is equally adapted for 1. use as a Reclining Car for a young baby, or a Mail Car for an older child. 2. It has just been designed. 3. Runs on four silent wheels. 4. Small light front wheels. 5. Very safe, bed being lower than in any other Car. 6. Hitching's "Versailles" Cee Springs. 7. Occupies less space than any other. 8. Has deep well for legs and feet. No cramping. 9. Hitching's Patent "Any Position Hood." Fine and rattle. 10. Cool in summer. 11. Artistically painted. 12. Beautifully upholstered in biscuit, biscuit and pale blue, mignonette, green, &c. Price as drawn £6 6s. net.

HITCHINGS, LIMITED, have recently had the honour of building the Baby Carriage for the Baby Prince Edward of York, having previously executed orders for H.M. the Queen, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg, H.R.H. the Duchess of Ede, H.R.H. Princess Henry of Prussia, &c.; also the Russian, Danish, Portuguese, and Swedish Royal Families.

HITCHING'S BABY CARRIAGES from 2 to 25 guineas, and BABY CARS from 15s. 6d. to 10 guineas, are not only the BEST, but also 25 per cent. cheaper than those sold by dealers and stores. A carriage should always be purchased from the actual manufacturer. Inquiries receive prompt and courteous attention. A beautiful Pictorial Price List free on mentioning this paper. Correspondence solicited.

Bankers: CAPITAL & COUNTRIES BANK AND CITY BANK. Telegraphic Addresses: LIVERPOOL HOUSE, 74, DOLD ST. HITCHING'S, LONDON. Boston (U.S.A.) Agency: 92, WASHINGTON ST.

HITCHING'S "PRINCESS MAY" BABY CARRIAGE IS MOST SUITABLE FOR A CHRISTENING PRESENT, BEING RECHERCHE AND UNPROCURABLE ELSEWHERE.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATION.

£50,513 11s. 5d.

AND WHAT IT REPRESENTS.

IT REPRESENTS OVER 1300 TONS OF TEA!

Here is a reduced facsimile of the World's Record Duty Cheque for Tea just paid to Her Majesty's Customs, London, by LIPTON, FOR ONE WEEK'S CLEARANCE. IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF.

£50,513 11s. 5d.

IT REPRESENTS CONSIDERABLY MORE THAN HALF THE ENTIRE QUANTITY OF TEA USED PER WEEK IN THE WHOLE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE FINEST
TEA

THE WORLD CAN
PRODUCE.

per **1/7** lb.

NO HIGHER PRICE.

LIPTON'S TEAS
LARGEST SALE
in the World.



RICH, PURE,
AND
FRAGRANT.

1/- and 1/4
per lb.

LIPTON'S TEAS
LARGEST SALE
in the World.

LIPTON, Tea, Coffee, and Cocoa Planter, Ceylon.
The Largest Tea, Coffee, and Provision Dealer in the World.

BRANCHES AND AGENCIES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
Ceylon Offices and Tea and Coffee Shipping Warehouses: PRINCE STREET and MADDEMA MILLS, CANNON GARDENS, COLOMBO; Indian Offices and Shipping Warehouses: HARE STREET, CALCUTTA.

CHIEF OFFICES: CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

PETER ROBINSON'S

*Novelties in Costumes,
Mantles, Blouses,
Millinery, &c.*

FOR AUTUMN WEAR.

HIGHEST CLASS GOODS
AT MODERATE PRICES.

PETER ROBINSON
LTD.,

Oxford St. and Regent St.

THE ORIGINAL FIRM, ESTABLISHED 1810.

MAPPIN BROTHERS

ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES: { **220, REGENT STREET, W.**
& **66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.** (NEXT SIR JOHN BENNETT'S.)



66, Cheapside, E.C.; 220, Regent St., W.; & The Queen's Works, Sheffield.

Mrs. Marianno Cecil Cooke; certain family pictures to his son, Samuel George Pechell; and the use, for life, of his house and furniture to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate (except the family settled estates) he leaves as to one sixth each to his sons, Horace James and Mortimer George, one sixth each to his daughters, Alice, Georgina Bremner, and May Sarah Florence, and the remaining one sixth, upon trust, for his grandson Paul Pechell. Sums advanced to his sons in his lifetime are to be brought into hotchpot.

The will (dated Nov. 19, 1896), with three codicils (dated Nov. 24, 1896, and Jan. 23 and April 9, 1897), of Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Edward Mainwaring Elcker Onslow, late of the Scots Guards, of Upton Villa, Old Alresford, Hants, who died on July 10, was proved on Sept. 30 by Charles Vere Townshend Onslow and Arthur Edward Onslow, the sons, and Joseph Ridley Shield, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £19,101. The testator gives £100 to his sister, Susannah Augusta Arabella Onslow; £600 and his pictures, plate, carriages, horses, and household effects at Upton Villa to his son Charles Vere Townshend Onslow; £100 to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Amelia Tolson Onslow; £50 to Joseph Ridley Shield; £2000 between all his children, and legacies to servants. He gives Upton Villa to his son

Charles, with the condition that he shall pay £2000 to his (the testator's) residuary estate; and he charges his Lincolnshire property with the payment of annuities of £150 to his son Arthur Denzil, and £50 to his son Ferrers Mainwaring. The residue of his real property he devises to his son Arthur Edward, for life, and then to his grandson, Vivian Isidore Onslow. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his son Arthur Edward Onslow.

The will of Mr. John Ferguson Goodfellow, of 9, Motcombe Street, and Lound Hall, Notts, who died on June 8, at 55, Rutland Gate, was proved on Sept. 28 by Mrs. Amy Louisa Goodfellow, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £3118.

The will of Lieutenant-General Edward Osborne Hewett, C.M.G., Governor of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, of the Governor's House, Woolwich, who died on June 3, was proved on Sept. 28 by Mrs. Catherine Mary Hewett, the widow, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2794 4s. 4d.

The will of Mr. Hugh Moss, M.D., of Congleton, Cheshire, who died on May 28, has been proved in the Cheshire District Registry, by Mrs. Alice Moss, the widow, Arnold Clarkson Conder, and Henry Latham, the value of the personal estate being £3030 19s. 5d.

ART NOTES.

Within the forty-two years which have elapsed since the founding of the Royal Photographic Society, the art to which it gave encouragement and guidance has passed through many revolutions. The older processes have long since been discarded, and by the aid of science photography has reached a point of perfection of which Daguerre, Talbot, and their immediate successors never dreamed. At the same time, it has become the most popular of the arts in which manual dexterity plays the chief part, and in no art is the dividing line between amateurs and professionals less clearly marked. One might go even further, and assert with confidence that few, if any, competent judges could, in going through the two photographic exhibitions now open, distinguish between the two classes of competitors.

The Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, held at the Gallery of the Royal Water Colour Society, Pall Mall East, aims especially at showing the numerous processes and materials in vogue, and also at indicating the practical uses to which photography can be applied. To combine artistic attractiveness and scientific teaching is not easy, but the committee have grappled with the difficulty and have fairly mastered it. Seldom have the exhibits been

ALL GOODS SOLD AT WHOLESALE PRICES. Designs are exact size, and all Goods sent Free and Safe by Post. Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties in Jewellery, Silver, and Electro-Plate (4000 Illustrations) Post Free.

SPECIAL. The Association of Diamond Merchants, 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C., give highest prices for Precious Stones, Second-Hand Jewellery, and Old Gold. Anything sent to them receives attention by return of post. Before purchasing Diamond work kindly write for our Special List of second-Hand Jewellery.

New Moon Brooch, Choice White Brilliants, £8 15s.

New Moon Brooch, or Hair Ornament, Choice White Brilliants, £15 15s.

Three-row Diamond New Moon Brooch, £10 10s.

New Registered Pattern Necklet, set with choice Brilliants, £50; formal also Turin.

New Signal Pearl Brooch, set with Gold, £1 10s. Any signals made to order in 24 hours. Brooches, a mounted on Match Boxes.

With Gold Chain for A. £12.

New Diamond Star Brooch, Pendant, or Necklace for above, £5 5s.

37 97

Diamond Jubilee Commemoration, Regd. No. 24 52. Best Gold Brooch, Brilliants and Turin, £3 5s. Pearl and Diamond, £3 5s. Gold Chain, £3 5s. Pearl and Diamond, £3 5s. Silver Chain, £3 5s. All Silver, £3 5s.

Photo and Gold set: Full Size Pearl Brooch, £12 6d. Chain for A. £12.

Ch. Ice Wide Pearl Necklet, with 11 White Brilliants, £15 15s.

New Diamond Hair Ornament, £5. Choice Whole Pearl Bead. A variety of larger size Stars in Stock.

Diamond Jubilee Commemoration, Regd. No. 24 52. Half Sovereign set with Fine White Brilliants, £1 10s.

THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWELLERS, AND SILVERSMITHS,
Diamond-Cutting Factory, Amsterdam. 6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. Telegraphic Address: "Ruspoli, London."

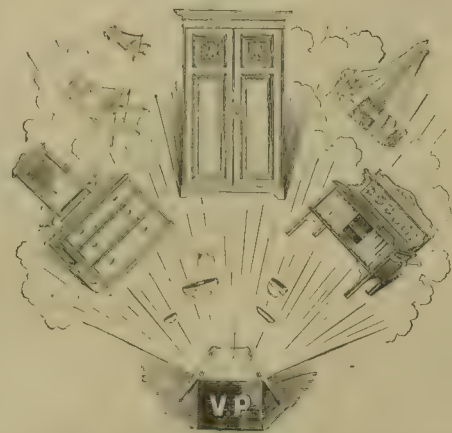
Lovely Girls.



The Photos contained in every Packet of

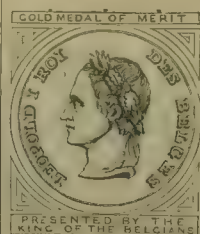
OGDEN'S 'GUINEA-GOLD' CIGARETTES

are solely reserved to OGDEN for the United Kingdom.



The Complete Furniture of a Comfortable Bed-Room: Wardrobe, Dressing-Chest, Washstand, Two Cane-Seat Arm-Chairs, Chamber Service, Bed, Bedding, &c., FOLDS into one Small Case measuring 6 ft. by 2 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. Rigidity and Appearance of Glued-up Furniture. Patented all over the World. Invaluable to Colonists, Hotels, Officers' Quarters, Spare Bed-Rooms, Shooting Boxes, &c. Suites at all Prices. Separate Articles can be had. Every house should have at least One Suite. Obtainable at all Dealers' or Direct from

THE
V.P. FOLDING BED-ROOM SUITE & FURNITURE CO., Ltd.,
330, OLD STREET, LONDON, E.C.



DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL.

THE Gold-Medal of Merit was given by His Majesty Leopold, King of the Belgians, to Dr. de Jongh, for his researches into the merit and use of Cod Liver Oil as a curative remedy in the treatment of Diseases of the Chest and Throat, Skin, Rheumatism, Debility, Emaciation, Rickets, etc. Testimonials from eminent Doctors of Medicine, together with Dr. de Jongh's Directions for use, surround each bottle. It is sold by all Chemists, in Capsuled Imperial Half-pints, 2/6; Pints, 4/9; Quarts, 9/-.

Sole Consignees—ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., Ltd., 210, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

MR. HEINEMANN'S NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

NEW LETTERS OF NAPOLEON I.
Napoleon III.
Translated by Lady Mary Loyd. With a Frontispiece. 1 vol. demy 8vo. 38s. net.

A HISTORY OF DANCING. From the Earliest Ages to Our Own Times. From the French of GASTON VILLIERS, with 25 Plates in Photogravure and 400 Illustrations in the text. 1 vol. 4to. 38s. net.
Also an Edition de Luxe, limited to 55 Copies, printed on Japanese vellum, with 3 additional Plates, and a duplicate set of the Plates on India paper for Framing. Price 12 guineas net. (Shortly.)

AN ALPHABET.
By WILLIAM NICHOLSON.
In Three Editions. (1) The Popular Edition: lithographed in colour on stout cartridge paper, price 3s. (2) The Library Edition (limited): lithographed in colours in Dutch hand-made paper, mounted and bound in cloth, gilt top, price 12s. 6d. (3) Edition de Luxe (limited): printed from the original wood-blocks, hand-coloured, and signed by the artist. Price £12 12s. (Shortly.)

THE NON-RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.
By M. J. GUYAU. 1 vol. 17s. net.
"The knowledge and ability with which it is written and the clearness and vivacity of its style are conspicuous. It must interest, and few will read it without finding in it abundant food for thought and reflection."—*Scotsman*.

THE NEW AFRICA. A Journey up the Chobe and down the Okavango Rivers. By AUDEL SCHULTZ, M.D., and AUGUST HAMMAR, C.E. 1 vol. demy 8vo, with 70 Illustrations and a Map. 2s.
"There is not a page which the reader need regard as dull, and so graphically and unpretentiously is the story told that before the end of the volume is reached the scene and circumstances appear to have long formed a part of the familiar knowledge of the reader."—*Times*.

COREA, OR CHO-SEN, THE LAND OF THE MORNING CALM.
By A. HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR. With 38 Illustrations from Drawings by the Author, and a Portrait. Demy 8vo. 18s.

LITERATURES OF THE WORLD. Vol. II. Crown 8vo. 6s.
A HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE.
By EDWARD DOWDEN, D.C.L., LL.D., Professor of Oratory and English Literature in the University of Dublin.
"The best history of French literature in the English language."—*Athenaeum*.

CUBA IN WARTIME.
By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Author of "Soldiers of Fortune." With Illustrations by Frederic Remington. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.
LIFE IN ANOTHER PLANET.

LUMEN.
By CAMILLE FLAMMARION. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.
ST. IVES.
By R. L. STEVENSON, Author of "The Ebb-Tide."
"Neither Stevenson himself nor any one else has given us a better example of a dashing story, full of life, and colour, and interest."—*Times*.

THE CHRISTIAN.
By HALL CAINE.
Of this novel over 100,000 copies have now been sold.

IN THE PERMANENT WAY, AND OTHER STORIES.
By FLORA ANNIE STEEL, Author of "On the Face of the Waters." 1 vol. 10s. 6d.

THE FREEDOM OF HENRY MEREDYTH.
By M. HAMILTON, Author of "M'Leod of the Camerons."

MARIETTA'S MARRIAGE.
By W. E. NORRIS, Author of "The Dancer in Yellow." 4s.
"Keen observation, delicate discrimination, a pleasant, quiet humour, and a rare power of drawing characters that are both absolutely natural and interesting to study."—*Westminster Gazette*.

THE GADFLY.
By E. L. VOYNICH.
W. L. Courtney in the "Daily Telegraph": "A tragic power and intensity which leave a lasting impression on the reader. Two-thirds of 'The Gadfly' is replete with literary and dramatic skill, and there are isolated scenes which possess an undeniably picturesque charm."

THE GODS ARRIVE.
By ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH, Author of "Joanna Traill, Spinster."

WHAT MAISIE KNEW.
By HENRY JAMES, Author of "The Spoils of Poynton."
"A work of art so complex, so many-coloured, so variously beautiful. It is life sung in melodious prose; and that, it seems to us, is the highest romance."—*Daily Chronicle*.
London: WILLIAM HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

PERIODICALS BY POST AT CHEAP RATES.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS (to be pre-paid) are received to the undermentioned periodicals, which will be sent Post Free to ANY PART OF THE WORLD at the prices quoted, Six Months' Subscriptions at the same rates. Other periodicals supplied on similar terms. A more complete List sent on application.

DAILY PAPERS.
Daily Telegraph, Daily Graphic, Daily Chronicle, or "Standard" £2 12 0
The Times (per Morning Mail) 5 4 0
Mail (1st-weekly) or Daily Mail 1 19 0

WEEKLY PAPERS.
Answers, Ally Sloper, or Illustrated Bits 0 6 8
Black and White and Christmas Supplement 1 16 8
Field (thin) or Country Life 1 14 8
Graphic (thin) and Two Supplements 1 19 0
Graphic (thick) 1 17 0
Gentleman (thin) or Sketch 1 19 0
Illustrated London News (thin) and Two Supplements 1 13 0
Penny Illustrated, People or Lloyd's 0 8 8
Punch and Christmas Number 0 15 0
Queen (thin) 0 15 6
Times Weekly Edition or Public Opinion 0 13 0
Truth or World (thin) and Supplements 1 11 6
Tit-Bits or Detroit Free Press 0 6 0

MONTHLY MAGAZINES.
Boy's Own Paper or Girl's Own Paper 0 7 6
Chamber's Journal (including Christmas Number) 0 8 8
Nineteenth Century or Contemporary 1 8 0
Pearson's Magazine 0 9 0
Review of Reviews or Chums 0 7 6
Grand Magazine or English Illustrated 0 8 8
Windsor 0 9 2

Reference Catalogue of Books post free on application.

ALFRED WILSON,

Bookseller and Newsagent (Estab. 1851).

18, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Bankers: London and County Bank (Head Office).

CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE.

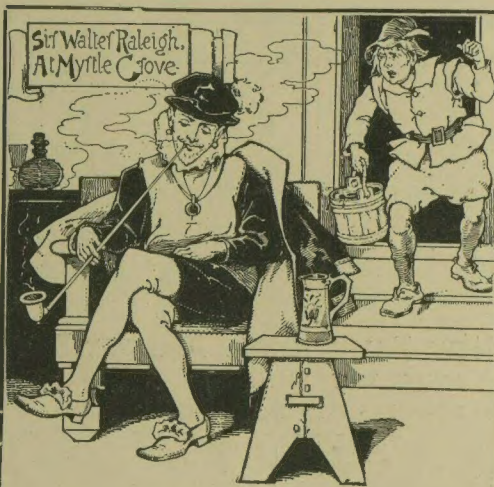
HERALDY and GENEALOGY (English and Foreign). Pedigrees traced from Records. Authentic & reliable information respecting Arms & Descents supported by references to Authorities. Armorial Bearings painted correctly.—26, Cranbourn St., London, W.C. N.B.—No fees charged for examining family papers and advising.

CULLETON'S ENGRAVING OFFICE. (A separate Department). Crested Stationery, Book-Plates, Dies, Signet-Rings and Seals (a large selection), Livery Buttons, Harbours-Crests, Embossing Presses, Brass Name Plates, Illuminated Addresses, Invitations, Wedding & Visiting Cards. Samples & Prices Free. 26, CRANBORN STREET, LONDON, W.C.

NO MORE ASTHMA FROM THIS MOMENT.
Awarded one hundred thousand francs Gold and Silver Medals, and admitted to be unrivalled. Particulars gratis and post free from DR. CLERY, MARSEILLES, FRANCE.

"MYRTLE GROVE" TOBACCO.

For Pipe or Cigarette.
Sweet. Cool. Fragrant.



"At Myrtle Grove Sir Walter Raleigh was soothing his mind with the Tobacco he had brought from Virginia when his Irish Servant, thinking his Master was on fire, dashed water over him."

TADDY & CO., Minorities, London, E.

pears

Soap

The Soap of to day.

ESTAB. OVER 100 YEARS—20 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS.

Get the Genuine.

A Balm
for the
Skin

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS' AND RAILWAY BOOKSTALLS.

BENTLEY'S FAVOURITE NOVELS.
Each in 1 vol., crown 8vo. cloth, 6s.

SELECTED FROM AMONG THE BEST WORKS OF FICTION OF EACH YEAR.

LATEST ADDITIONS TO THE SERIES.

THE OLD, OLD STORY. By ROSA N. CAREY.

DEAR FAUSTINA. By RHODA BROUGHTON.

THE MISTRESS OF BRAE FARM. By ROSA N. CAREY.

SCYLLA OR CHARYBDIS? By RHODA BROUGHTON.

MY LADY NOBODY. By MAARTEN MAARTENS.

By ROSA N. CAREY.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.
THE MISTRESS OF BRAE FARM.
BASIL LYNDHURST.
LOVER OR FRIEND?
FOR LILIAS.
HERIOT'S CHOICE.
BARBARA HEATHCOTE'S TRIAL.
NELLIE'S MEMORIES.
NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS.
ROBERT ORR'S ATONEMENT.
UNCLE MAX. | WEE WIFIE.
WOOD AND MARRIED.
ONLY THE GOVERNNESS.
QUEEN'S WHIM.
MARY ST. JOHN.
SIR GODFREY'S GRANDDAUGHTERS.

By MARY CHOLMONDELEY.

DIANA TEMPEST.
SIR CHARLES DANVERS.

By JESSIE FOTHERGILL.

THE "FIRST VIOLIN."
KITH AND KIN. | PROBATION.
ALDYTH. | BORDERLAND.
FROM MOOR ISLES.

By MAARTEN MAARTENS.

MY LADY NOBODY.
AN OLD MAID'S LOVE.
THE SIX OF JOOST AVELINGH.
THE GREATER GLORY.
"GOD'S FOOL."

By MARY LINSKILL.

TALES OF THE NORTH RIDING.
BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA.
THE HAVEN UNDER THE HILL.
IN EXCHANGE FOR A SOUL.
CLEVEDEN.

By RHODA BROUGHTON.

DEAR FAUSTINA.
SCYLLA OR CHARYBDIS?
A BEGINNER. | MRS. BLIGH.
COMETH UP AS A FLOWER.
GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!
JOAN. | NANCY.
NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL.
RED AS A ROSE IS SHE.
SECOND THOUGHTS.
BELINDA. | ALAS!
DOCTOR CUPID.

By HELEN MATHERS.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

THE THREE CLERKS.

By J. SHERIDAN LE FANU.

UNCLE SILAS.
THE HOUSE BY THE CHURCHYARD.
IN A GLASS DARKLY.

By Mrs. RIDDELL.

GEORGE GEITH OF FEN COURT.
BERNA BOYLE.

By Lady G. FULLERTON.

TOO STRANGE NOT TO BE TRUE.

By FLORENCE MONTGOMERY.

MISUNDERSTOOD.
SEAFORTH.
THROWN TOGETHER.

By Mrs. ALEXANDER.

HER DEAREST FOE.
THE WOOLING O'T.

By JANE AUSTEN.

(The only Complete Edition.)
LADY SUSAN AND THE WATSONS.
MANSFIELD PARK. | EMMA.
NORTHANGER ABBEY AND PERSUASION.
PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.
SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

By Baroness TAUPHIGUS.

THE INITIALS. | QUILTS!

By W. E. NORRIS.

MAJOR AND MINOR.

By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDS.

SUSAN FIELDING.
A GIRTON GIRL.
LEAH: A WOMAN OF FASHION.

By MARCUS CLARKE.

FOR THE TERM OF HIS NATURAL LIFE.

By E. WERNER.

SUCCESS: AND HOW HE WON IT.
FICKLE FORTUNE.

By L. DOUGALL.

THE MADONNA OF A DAY.

BENTLEY'S FAVOURITE NOVELS.
Selected from among the Best Works of Fiction of each year.

Each Volume can be obtained separately in crown 8vo. cloth, price 6s.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY and SON,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen.

so uniformly interesting from a purely pictorial point of view, and if there is an unwonted restriction in the display of mechanical appliances, the ordinary visitor does not feel disappointed.

Among the more successful exhibitors, notably Mr. Percy S. Lankester, Mr. Horsley Hinton, Mr. Thomas Blow, and others, platinum-printing seems to be most in favour, and it is in this branch that Mr. John H. Gear carries off the medal for his delicately toned landscape, "The Receding Tide" (10), in which the rendering of the clouds is not less satisfactory than that of the muddy

estuary glistening in the daylight. Not a few of Mr. Percy Lankester's portraits and figure-studies are eminently successful, and it is interesting to compare his work with that of a past master in the art like Mr. Fred Hollyer (66). For carbon-printing, Mr. J. C. Mummery carries off the medal with his "Landing Place" (76), in which the half-tones of the sky and shore are exquisitely expressed. Mr. Alfred Stieglitz's "Plaza at New York" (95) is a clever night effect, and Messrs. Elliott and Sons' "Three Studies of Heads" (145), carbon, untouched, for texture and effect well deserve the medal awarded to them. Mr. James Sinclair's "Trangate" (19), carbon; Lord

Maitland's "Meditation" (50), bromide; Mrs. Welford's "On the Downs" (178) and "Blackberrying" (190), Mr. Carpenter's "Sunshine and Shade" (20), platinum, are among the many attractive pictures exhibited. The photographs of Canterbury Crypt by Messrs. Bolas and Co.; of the Lago Maggiore by Mr. Thomas Blow and Mr. Fred Martin; flash-light studies of "Gas Works" (279) and "A Village Smithy" (280), are interesting, especially in view of the conditions under which the pictures are taken. The application of photography to scientific uses is seen in Dr. Norris Wolfenden's series of X-Ray photographs, while the lantern slides of Mr. Malby, Mr. Beckett,

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.
And 165 & 170, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.
Samples and Price-Lists Post Free.
N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent Direct to Belfast.

SYMINGTON'S HIGH PRESSURE STEAM PREPARED PEAS FLOUR
EASILY DIGESTED.

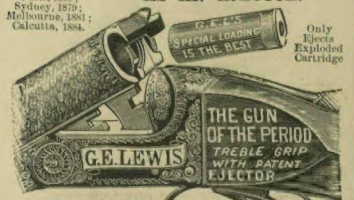
FOR SOUPS, GRAVIES, &c.
SOLD IN TINS AND PACKETS BY ALL GROCERS.
Manufacturers (Established over 60 years),
BOWDEN STEAM MILLS, Market Harboro.
Export Agent: J. T. Morton, London.

Benger's Food
is best for Babies,
Invalids, & The Aged.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, &c.

Prepared with Special Ingredients as a
Balm for the Skin.
DR. MACKENZIE'S ARSENICAL SOAP 6d. & 1s.

Produces a Lovely Complexion, and Cures Spots, Pimples, &c.
The most Eminent and Soothing Toilet Soap in the World for Irritable Skin.
"Most Excellent."—MADAME ADELINA PATTI.

G. E. LEWIS'S "THE GUN OF THE PERIOD."
TRADE MARK REGISTERED.
AS AN EJECTOR.



1897 Illustrated Catalogue of finished Guns, Rifles, and Revolvers, giving bore, weight, &c., and the price will surprise buyers accustomed to pay retail prices. The Largest Stock of Sporting Guns and Rifles (finished ready for delivery) in England.

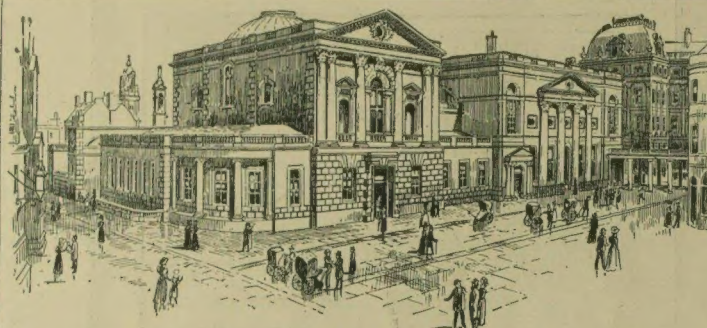
We are now making above with an ejector, the newest and best, hammerless, or with hammer, price 20 to 40 guineas, with English, Damascus, or steel barrels, choke or cylinder bores. Rifles, 5 guineas extra, or colonial model, i.e., one pair of rifle barrels Express, or long range, with extra shot-barrel fitting same stock, price 50 to 60 guineas. Workmanship and shooting guaranteed.

Conversions, new barrels, and repairs of all kinds by a staff of workmen second to none in the trade.

G. E. LEWIS, 32 & 33, Lower Lovejoy St., BIRMINGHAM. (Established 1860.)

THOMPSON BROS' DRESS SUIT 50/-
Lined Silk. Made to Measure.
West-End style and fit guaranteed. Patterns (which need not be returned) sent post free to any part of the world. Write or call and inspect.

THOMPSON BROS., Tailors, Ltd., 3, Oxford Street, London, W. (Corner Charing Cross Road.)



THE NEW PUMP ROOM ANNEX, BATH.
FAMOUS HOT MINERAL SPRINGS.
MAGNIFICENT ROMAN REMAINS.

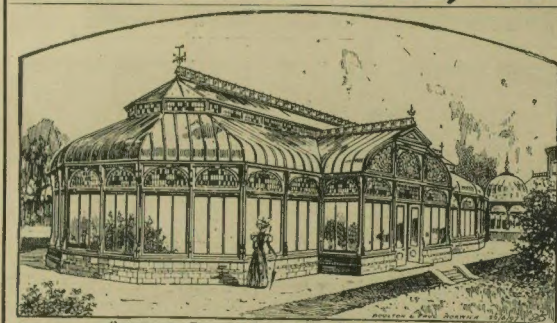
TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 15 or 26 penny stamps. MOST UNAVAILABLE.
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker Street, London, W.

GENOA.—GRAND HOTEL SAVOIE.—First-Class. Specially Constructed and Furnished. Opened October 1897. Quiet Superior Situation. Close to Station and Pier. Terms strictly Moderate.—LIPPERT and FIORINI.

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.
ST. JAMES'S HALL, W.—NIGHTLY, at 8.45. MATINEES MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, at 3. Thirtieth Anniversary and Souvenir Day, Wednesday, Oct. 20. General Manager, Mr. LAWRENCE BROUGH.

CANARY ISLANDS.—SANTA CATALINA HOTEL. Las Palmas. In the midst of beautiful gardens, facing sea. Sanitary arrangements perfect. English physicians and nurse. English church. Golf, tennis, cycling. THE CANARY ISLANDS Co. (Limited), 1, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.

BOULTON & PAUL, NORWICH.



CONSERVATORY RECENTLY ERECTED AT CARROW HOUSE, NORWICH.

RANGES OF HORTICULTURAL BUILDINGS ERECTED COMPLETE IN ANY PART OF THE KINGDOM.
Illustrated Catalogue of Designs, &c., on Application.

W. BLISS & SON LTD have made their world renowned **Norton Chipping Tweeds**
TREBLE MILLED RIDING
Continuously from 1847 to the present time!
this is a RECORD in the WOOLLEN TRADE & at this date these riding tweeds stand HIGHER THAN EVER in the estimation of the public

W. BLISS & SON LTD, CHIPPING NORTON, ENGLAND. request the Woollen Trade and the public to note that all their STANDARD TWEEDS ARE STAMPED ON THE BACK EVERY TWO YARDS with their Trade Mark as here shown. They supply the Wholesale Traders only, but the public can procure the Goods from Tailors or Drapers in all parts of the World.

VICTORIAN ERA EXHIBITION,
EARL'S COURT, LONDON, S.W.
Director—General, IMRE KIRALFY.
LAST TWO WEEKS, CLOSING DAY, OCTOBER 30.
AMPLE COVER FOR ALL, WET OR DRY.
OPEN DAILY 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Admission 1s.
GRAND PROMENADE CONCERTS every Evening in the EMPIRE THEATRE. 500 SEATS, ALL FREE.
20 YEARS of Her MAJESTY'S REIGN—celebrating BRITISH ART, HISTORY, DRAMA, MUSIC, WOMEN'S WORK, COMMERCE, SCIENCE, and SPORT.
Including Exhibits graciously lent by Her MAJESTY the QUEEN and H.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES.
GREEN LIVER GUARDS BAND. DAN GODFREY'S BAND. EXHIBITION ORCHESTRA. OTHER MILITARY BANDS. REALISTIC OLD ENGLAND, With Old English Crafts. THE TANTONMOGRAPH. THE JUBILEE PROFESSION. BABY INCUBATORS, with LIVING INFANTS. GIANT WHEEL RUNNING DAILY. TWO Woolley-street GRIMONS DE RUCY Cycles Given Weekly. THE TRIUMPH of CONSTANTINE. Rome 312 A.D. The great picture painted by Professor Bohn and Wagner. AND NUMEROUS OTHER ATTRACTIONS.

PIANOS for HIRE, 10s. per MONTH.
Tunings free. No hire charged if purchased in six months. The cheapest house for hiring really good pianos by all the best makers is THOMAS OETZMANN and CO'S, 27, Baker Street, W.

PIANOS, 15s. per MONTH, on Thomas Oetzmänn and Co.'s easy One, Two, or Three Years' System. Carriage free. Tunings free. Consignments to London for Sale, Hire, or Three Years' System is THOMAS OETZMANN and CO'S, 27, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.

PURCHASERS who can pay Cash will find that the Cheapest House in the Kingdom for new Grand and Cottage Pianos by Broadwood, Collard, Ingh, Oetzmänn, Steinway, Reichen, and other makers of repute is THOMAS OETZMANN and CO'S, 27, Baker Street, London, W., where the merits of the pianos by the respective makers can be tried side by side. All pianos packed free and forwarded. Only address, 27, Baker Street, W.

RUD IBACH PIANOS.—25 per cent. discount for cash. Also for hire, or on the three year system. These world-wide celebrated new grand, upright grand, and cottage pianos may now be obtained on above terms at THOMAS OETZMANN and CO'S, 27, Baker Street, London, W. Agents for Rud Ibach Sohn. Pianos free and forwarded. Descriptive lists free.

D'ALMAINE'S SALE OF PIANOS.
ORGANS, &c., RETURNED FROM HIRE.
Ten years' warranty. Easy terms, approval, carriage free. Cottages 7, 9, and 11 guineas.
Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 3, 20 guineas. Class 5, 30 guineas.
Class 1, 17 guineas. Class 4, 20 guineas. Class 7, 40 guineas.
Class 2, 20 guineas. Class 6, 30 guineas. Class 9, 50 guineas.
American Organs, by all the best makers, from 40 guineas upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken. Illustrations and particulars post free. T. D'ALMAINE and CO., (Est. 112 Years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. Open till 7; Saturdays, 3.

P. AND O. MAIL-STEAMERS
FROM LONDON TO
GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRINDISI, EGYPT, ADEN, BOMBAY, and MADRAS, via BOMBAY, and STRAITS, CHINA, and JAPAN. Every Week.
Marseilles, Alexandria, Calcutta, Madras, Colombo, Australia, New Zealand, and Tamsui. Every Fortnight.
VENICE and BRINDISI to ALEXANDRIA and the EAST. Every Three Weeks.

For Particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C. and 25, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

ASTHMA, CATARRH, Emuon's Paper.
FORTY-FIVE YEARS' SUCCESS.
The Highest Award at the Exhibition, 1889. London: G. JOZEAT, 45, Raymarket, W. METTENS, 64, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

TRY ZIGZAG GUMMED EDGE
A REVOLUTION IN CIGARETTE PAPER BOOKS.
EACH LEAF READY TO HAND FOR USE. AT ALL TOBACCONISTS.

FISHER'S NEW SPONGE CASE, IN ALUMINIUM. A Great Boon.
FISHER, 188 STRAND.
Luggage impossible, 4/6 and 8/- Free by Post.

DENSON'S

Illustrated Book Post Free.

62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.; 25, OLD BOND STREET, W.; 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.

Selections Sent on Approval.

"A PERFECT BEVERAGE."
MEDICAL ANNUAL.

On the breakfast tables
of the World



"THE LANCET" says: "Van Houten's Cocoa yields a maximum proportion of the valuable food constituents of the bean—more easy of assimilation and digestion than in Cocoa not so prepared."

HEWETSONS, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON



HOUSE FURNISHERS AND CARPET FACTORS.
HEWETSONS HAVE THE LARGEST STOCK OF
ENGLISH CARVED OAK FURNITURE IN THE WORLD.

Illustrated Furnishing Catalogues Post Free. Goods Carriage Paid to any part of England.
HEWETSONS, Tottenham Court Road, LONDON.

**Goddard's
Plate Powder**

FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY this Powder has
maintained an unrivalled reputation throughout the United
Kingdom and Colonies as the BEST and SAFEST Article for
CLEANING SILVER and ELECTRO PLATE. Sold in Boxes,
1s., 2s., 6d., and 4s. 6d. each, by Grocers, Chemists, Ironmongers, &c.

GODDARD'S FURNITURE CREAM.

For Cleaning and Polishing all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.

Sold in bottles, 6d. and 1s. each, by Chemists, Grocers,
Ironmongers, &c.

SIX GOLD MEDALS AWARDED.

**MELLIN'S
FOOD**

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS

Before using any other preparation, apply
for free sample.

MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, S.E.

DON'T COUGH



KEATING'S LOZENGES.

"94, Commercial Road, Peckham, July 12, 1889.

"Dear Sir,—I am a poor hand at expressing my feelings, but I should like to thank you. Your lozenges have done wonders in relieving my terrible cough. Since I had the operation of 'Tracheotomy' (the same as the late Emperor of Germany, and unlike him, thank God, I am still alive) performed at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, no one could possibly have had a more violent cough; it was so bad at times that it quite exhausted me. The mucus, which was very copious and hard, has been softened, and I have been able to get rid of it without difficulty.—I am, Sir, yours truly, J. HILL."

UTTERLY UNRIVALLED.

From strict inquiry it appears that the benefit from using "Keating's Lozenges" is understated. Since the operation, a specially severe one, performed by the specialist, Dr. H. T. Butlin, of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the only means of relief is the use of these Lozenges. So successful are they that one affords immediate benefit, although from the nature of the case the throat irritation is intense.

WEIGHT IN GOLD.

Sept. 8, 1891, Mr. Hill writes: "I should long since have been dead, but for your Lozenges—they are worth their weight in gold. I will gladly see and tell anyone what a splendid cough remedy they are."

Sold Everywhere in Tins, 1s. 1½d. each.

THE UNRIVALLED REMEDY FOR

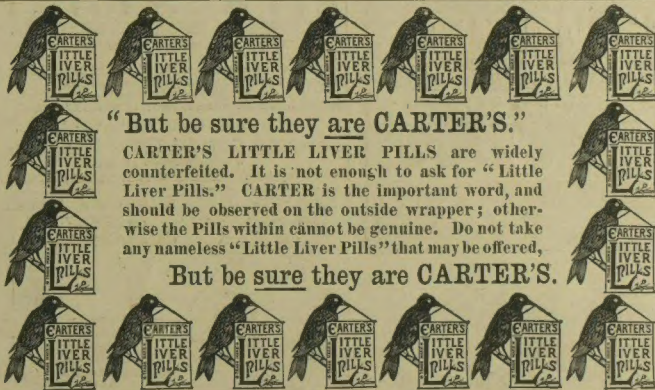
COUGHS, HOARSENESS, THROAT TROUBLES.

TO THE CONTINENT.
Via **QUEENBORO' & FLUSHING.**
ROYAL DUTCH MAIL.

Twice Daily in both directions. Day and Night Services. Large, Fast, and Magnificent Paddle Steamers.
Actual SEA Passage by the New 21 Knots Night Steamers 22 hours only.

GREAT ACCELERATION OF SERVICE from MAY 1, 1897.

BERLIN, arrival by Night Service 7 p.m. (M.E.T. instead of 8.28 a.m.); LONDON, arrival by Day Service from Flushing 7.15 p.m. instead of 9.45 p.m. Direct and Accelerated Connections with LIVERPOOL (dep. 4.5 p.m.); MANCHESTER (dep. 4.15 p.m.); BIRMINGHAM (dep. 5.45 p.m.), via Herne Hill and Willesden, WITHOUT TOUCHING LONDON.—Apply for Time Tables, &c., to the "ZEELAND" STEAMSHIP CO.'S LONDON OFFICE, 44, FINE ST., E.C., where Circular Tickets may be obtained at Three Days' Notice.



ASK FOR AND SEE THAT YOU GET



If your Grocer does not keep it, write to the Sole Importers—

R. LEHMANN & CO., 78 & 79, Turnmill St., London, E.C.

and others show the practical uses to which the art is turned by teachers and lecturers.

The Photographic Salon finds its home at the Dudley Gallery, and, faithful to its mission, shows more especially the artistic capabilities of nature-printing. It is true that the hand of man plays a very important part in these operations of nature, although the managers of this exhibition seem to place but little value on "the abstruse mysteries of chemistry, optics, and mathematics." Such an assurance is certainly encouraging for amateurs, but we venture to think that something more than mere luck, or even dexterity, is required to produce such artistic work as is to be found on these walls. Mr. W. Crooke has opened up a new line in portraiture (4), in which the bit of landscape seen through the open window is worthy of a Dutch master of the Golden Age. Mr. Horsley Hinton, on the other hand, seems anxious to emulate the

French painter Jacque by his brilliant lighting of the fleeces of the "Homegoing Sheep" (7). Colonel Gale contributes three dainty Sussex pastorals; Mr. George Davison an artistic treatment of "Cockspur Street" (132); and Mr. Charles Moss a fine bit of sky effect in his "Sunshine and Rain." Mr. Craig Annan is scarcely seen at his best in "Molly" (162) or his other two works, but M. Paul Naudot, Mr. C. Emanuel, Mr. L. C. Bennett, and Mr. H. H. Cameron are well represented. To many, however, the most interesting feature of the exhibition will be the photo-aquaints, in which the attempt to introduce pigment-painting has been successfully solved. M. Demachy is the most successful of those who limit themselves to monochrome, but Dr. Hugo Henneberg ventures into polychrome. "The Orchard" (21) and "After Sunset" (201) by the latter show what excellent and truthful results can be obtained by this process, but in the hands of any but the most experienced photographers we should

anticipate the most startling results. Another point which deserves special notice in the pictures exhibited at the Photographic Salon is the various materials employed by the artists for printing. Not only is the effect of the picture enhanced by a judicious selection of its "support," but when hung it claims greater notice as a decorative work. The exhibition throughout has been arranged with this object in view.

The *Church Times* does not think very well of the Orpington scheme for religious instruction. It says that in East London parishes, to say nothing of others, it is almost axiomatic that the clergy are overworked and the parishes undermanned. We are fairly entitled to ask then, how this extra burden which it is proposed to lay upon them is to be borne by the clergy and those lay helpers who volunteer for this service?

BILLIARD TABLES.

THURSTON AND CO. (Ltd.),
16, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND, W.C. The Oldest Established and Leading House in the Trade. Sole Warrant of her Majesty. Billiard Tables and requisites of the finest qualities and finish. Prices Moderate. Sole Makers of the "Perfect" Low Cushions, as tried by her Majesty's tables at Osborne, Windsor Castle, and Buckingham Palace. These can be attached to any Billiard Table. Best Ivory Balls, thoroughly seasoned.

COVERINGS FOR SEMI & COMPLETE BALDNESS OR GREY HAIR.



Perfect imitations of Nature; invisible additions to thin parings, art blending with nature so completely as to defy the closest scrutiny. Half, Three-quarter, or Full Wigs on same Principle for Ladies or Gentlemen. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

Every design in Artificial Hair for Fashion and Convenience.
C. BOND & SON,
43, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.



They will not entangle or break the Hair. Are effective and require no skill to use. Made in Five Colours.
12 CURLERS IN BOX. FREE BY POST, 8 STAMPS.
Of all Hairdressers and Fancy Dealers.

REWARD OF SPIRIT'S IMITATIONS, now being sold by Drapers and Others. The Genuine bear our TRADE MARK on the Right-Hand Corner of each Label.
WHOLESALE OF R. HOVENDEN & SONS,
BERNERS ST., W., and CITY RD., E.C. LONDON.



Are sold in Boxes at 6d. and 1s. in every town and village in the three Kingdoms.



PHOTOS FROM LIFE.
MODEL STUDIES FOR Painters and Sculptors; really Artistic and Most Beautiful Collection, recommended from several Art Academies. Price List, with 100 Miniatures and 1 Cabinet-size Photo, 5s. P.O. or Stamps.
S. RECKNACEL,
Nachfolger, Munich, I. Bader, Germany.

De LOSSY-HOLDEN CHAMPAGNE.

The 1892 Vintage of this renowned brand is now in splendid condition, and must be justly considered the finest vintage of the century.

TO BE HAD OF ALL WINE MERCHANTS.

Consignee: W. DOYLE, 35, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

De LOSSY-HOLDEN CHAMPAGNE.



The late Earl of Beaconsfield,
Sir Morell Mackenzie,
Oliver Wendell Holmes,
Miss Emily Faithful,
The late Gen. W. T. Sherman,
and many other persons of distinction have testified to the remarkable efficacy of

HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Established over a quarter of a century. Prescribed by the Medical Faculty throughout the world. It is used as an inhalation and without any after bad effects. A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post. In this, 4s. 3d. British Dispensary, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London. Also of Messrs. J. & S. Barclay & Sons, 1, York & Co., 3, Sanger & Son, W. Edwards & Son, May, Roberts & Co., Butler & Crispie, John Thompson, Liverpool, & all Wholesale Houses.

PITKEATHLY.

REFRESHING. SUSTAINING. INVIGORATING.
"A very pleasant and wholesome Table-Water."
The Lancet.
"The water is pure and free from deleterious metallic contamination."—The British Medical Journal.
"It has a very mellowing effect on any spirit with which it is mixed, and is a pleasant beverage by itself."—The Sketch.
Supplied in Bottles, Half-Bottles, and Splits.
INGRAM & ROYLE, LONDON & LIVERPOOL
Wholesale Terms from the
Sole Proprietors—**REID & DONALD, PERTH.**



RITTER SKATES

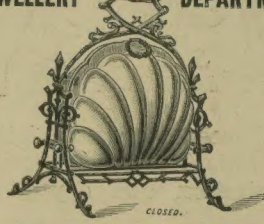
(PATENTED)
FOR ROAD USE
We will send, free of charge if this paper is mentioned, our new booklet on "ROAD SKATING," which gives every information on the subject.



SPIERS & POND'S STORES,

QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.
(Opposite St. Paul's Station, L. C. & D. Ry.)

JEWELLERY DEPARTMENT



BISCUIT CABINET.

BEST ELECTRO PLATE ON NICKEL SILVER, £3 10s.
Goods Sent on Approval.
SPECIAL JEWELLERY CATALOGUE.
Also, PRICE BOOK (1000 PAGES) ILLUSTRATED, FREE ON APPLICATION.

A Laxative and Refreshing Fruit Lozenge, most agreeable to take.

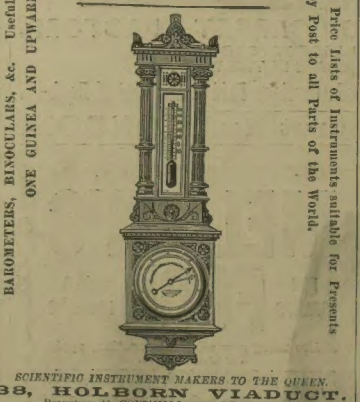
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON,

FOR
CONSTIPATION,
Hæmorrhoids,
Bile, Headache,
Loss of Appetite,
Gastric and Intestinal Troubles.

47, SOUTHWARK STREET, London, S.E.
Sold by all Chemists.—A Box, 2s. 6d.

The Lancet, Oct. 12, 1889, says: "The medicine most pleasant to children, the Tamar Indien, is absent. An agent which is as good as a bouillon from Bolester or Sirolina is so typical of French refinement and elegance in the little things of life that it certainly should have held a prominent place."

NEGRETTE & ZAMBRA'S WEDDING PRESENTS.



THE MAIDSTONE TYPHOID.

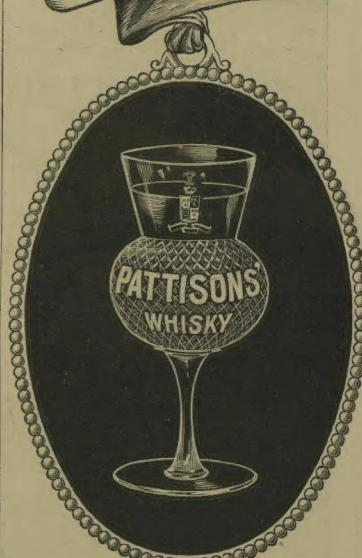
Merryweather on Poisoned Domestic Supply.
Surface Water due to excessive rainfall will seriously affect the potable qualities of otherwise pure water from Springs, Streams, or Wells. Owners of Country Residences who suspect contamination should send a (perfectly clean) two-gallon jar of the suspected water carefully sealed, to Merryweather and Sons, 68, Long Acre, London, W.C., who will make an analysis and send a full report; or Merryweathers will send a Sealed "Winchester Quart" on application.

MERRYWEATHER and SONS
undertake work of all kinds in connection with the provision or improvement of Water Supply.
Write for "Water Supply to Mansions."

WINTER IN THE WEST INDIES.
SPECIAL TOURS.
Sixty-five Days for £92. By Magnificent Vessels of the ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY.
For Particulars apply
18, Moorgate Street, or 29, Cockspur Street (West-End), London.

PLEASURE CRUISE TO THE WEST INDIES.

The ORIENT COMPANY
will despatch their steam-ship GARONNE, 3001 tons register, 300-horse power, from London on JAN. 8, for a TWO MONTHS' CRUISE, visiting: TRINIDAD, BARBADOS, TRINIDAD, GRENADA, MARTINIQUE, ST. LUCIA, SANTA CRUZ, JAMAICA, BEHUMA, MADEIRA, arriving back in London March 10.
Winter about in the West Indies is most like a glorious summer, and at such a time—when yachts and steam-launches are laid up at home—the trip should be taken. Fares from 30 guineas.
Managers: J. GREEN & CO.
ANDERSON, ASHMORE & CO. } Featherchurch Avenue,
For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5, Featherchurch Avenue, London, E.C.; or to the West-End Branch Office, 16, Cockspur Street, S.W.



Fashion!—What's Fashion?
A question of taste. Precisely: and everyone who has a taste for whisky declares that Pattison's is the King of Whiskies. It is the perfection of purity, the ideal of flavour—an honest, palatable, wholesome beverage. It is these qualities which explain the fact that a glass of Pattison's Whisky is "The Glass of Fashion."

SOLE PROPRIETORS—
PATTISON, LTD., Highland Distillers,
LEITH, BALLINDALLOCH, LONDON.
Head Office: CONSTITUTION STREET, LEITH.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS COCOA.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING.
COCOA
FOR BREAKFAST AND SUPPER.